Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 209. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

IN THE STOCKS—No. 10: BLACK AND WHITE.

£250 for Footballers EVERY WEEK.

OUR NEW OFFER FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Considering the tremendous interest taken in football we have decided to establish a competition for the entertainment of our readers, and for the purpose of testing their skill and knowledge of football form.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, November 2nd, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw* leave in names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250.

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, November 2. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it, accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, crossed "and Co.," and addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 1 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 1.

(3) No reader can send more than one entrance form, but more than one member of a family may compete.

(4) The Prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played, the £250 Prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 1.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 2nd. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

LIVERPOOL	v.	TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v.	EVERTON.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	DERBY COUNTY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
CHELSEA	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
HULL CITY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	BARNSLEY.
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	FULHAM.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	BRISTOL CITY.
WOLVERHAMPTON	v.	BRADFORD.
GLOSSOP	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.
BRISTOL ROVERS	v.	MILLWALL.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.
WEST HAM	v.	GILLINGHAM.
WATFORD	v.	SOUTHAMPTON.
EXETER	v.	NORTHAMPTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

Cut here.....

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1520.

Dated, November 2, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

Cut here...

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1518.

.....Cut here.....

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Phenomenal neck-increasing exercises; will increase neck measurement two or three inches in one month's time; World's Champion Wrestler's secret method; P.O., 1s. 1d.—Box 122, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Are your false teeth dirty, looking bad, and breeding dangerous germs? Dentoline, the only artificial tooth-cleaner, instantly removes saliva, nicotine, etc. Send 6d. for large trial packet.—Walker, 39, Wheathill Road, Anerley.

Set of drawing instruments, made by Eyre and Spottiswoode; splendid condition; 10s., or exchange.—Box 147, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

To Sportsmen! How to make a magnificent embrocation; genuine old recipe; send P.O. 1s.—Box 9950, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

12 New Pathe Records, and new 7s. 6d. sound-box, 17s. 6d., or offer; also new football 8s. (cost 12s. 6d.).—Box 146, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Pick Me-Up and tonic, genuine society recipe; post free 1s. 1d.—Box 145, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Modern Man

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a Modern Man *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subjects "In the Stocks."

John Arthur Johnson, described as the champion heavyweight boxer of the world, you are "In the Stocks"; and the fault is nobody's but your own. You seem to have forgotten one very important sociological fact, namely, that a boxer, however big, black, and successful he may be, is not a demigod, but an ordinary mortal, and subject to the laws which govern his fellow mortals. Your remarks in the court where you were arraigned, charged with the abduction of the nineteen-year-old white girl, Lucille Cameron, "I'm all right so long as I have got plenty of money," shows the hold which your inordinate sense of your own importance has upon you.

Try to think a little, and to gain a tardy sense of your limitation; or instead of being "in the stocks" you may yet find yourself in a less pleasant condition. Your misguided girl companion "in the stocks" is young; and it is to be hoped that this may be a lesson to her.

* * *

A Pernicious Practice.

Get rich quick, and let the consequences go hang! That, of course, is quite a modern motto. It is one which herring fishers seem specially to have made their own. Trawling for potential bloaters is a much more expeditious means of heaping them together by the ton than is the employment of the drift-net.

But it involves eventualities that are likely to be disastrous if the practice be not checked. It causes the destruction of immature fish, tons upon tons of which are thrown overboard, and it has the still more baneful effect of disturbing the spawning grounds.

That portends, of course, to the ultimate extinction of the herring fishery, which, while providing work for thousands of people, also forms a considerable part of the nation's food supply.

Hence we of *Modern Man* range ourselves solidly on the side of that representative gathering which assembled in the Town Hall, Great Yarmouth, the other night to protest against the pernicious practice, and to demand its speedy suppression by Government intervention.

We don't want the succulent matutinal bloater to degenerate into nothing more substantial than a memory.

* * *

The Signal-Box Danger.

How many more times are we to urge the imperativeness of having more than one man at work in every railway signal-box?

It is obvious that if one man, working alone in a signal-box, should for some reason become suddenly incapable of attending to his duties, unspeakable disasters may be the result.

Just such a casualty has occurred—happily without any further disastrous consequences. George Workman, aged 64, a signalman, who had been 45 years in the service of the Midland Railway Company, after passing four trains and the North of England mail, was seized with syncope, and died at his post. His dying effort had been to see the express through safely. All honour to him.

It is safe to say that all our signalmen are chosen from heroes of his stamp; but it is a purblind policy of the railway companies to work these willing fellows to the strain of death. Let us see the reform we advocate—and let us see it quickly.

* * *

Allowed to Conceal Name

The smouldering notion that there is one law for the aristocratic section of society and another for the democratic residue, will continue to smoulder so long as there are cases like that at Beckenham the other day.

A young woman housekeeper was charged before the Bench there with having converted to her own use money belonging to her employer, but on the ground that she was well-connected, was allowed to conceal her real name and to answer to that of Ellen Gascoign.

Her motive, of course, can be both understood and appreciated. Still, people in her social sphere are not the only ones who would appreciate such a concession.

* * *

Everybody's doing it! What? Shaving with a *Modern Man* Safety Razor!

* * *

The Divorce Commissioners' Report.

The two great reforms for which we made so determined a stand have been endorsed by the Divorce Commission, whose report will be published on November 7th. This will contain the recommendations that:—

A wife should be able to obtain a divorce on the same grounds as her husband can. Infidelity alone, without cruelty or desertion, should be sufficient cause.

The cost of divorce for the poor should be cheapened.

Further, it is suggested that the expense of bringing witnesses to London should be obviated by empowering judges on circuit to hear divorce proceedings. These things are all as they should be.

* * *

Sea Training for Boys.

We heartily endorse the contention made at a recent meeting of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights, with regard to the necessity for manning our merchant vessels with British crews and dispensing with alien seamen. Our views on the subject were expressed during the "Titanic" enquiry and subsequently. At the meeting of the Shipwrights, Sir Owen Philipps made a point which goes right to the root of the matter. He said that while in certain quarters ratepayers' money was being expended in training boys to be waiters and cooks, scarcely a penny was used to teach them to be sailors. Something should be done.

* * *

Coroner's Sense of Justice.

We are glad to see that the Hornsey Coroner is a man of the world, and is not subject to the didactical tendency which characterises certain of his colleagues. He held an inquest recently on a man who hanged himself and was said to have been worried by moneylenders to whom he had to repay 10s. per week out of a salary of 33s. In returning a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind," the foreman said that the jury thought something ought to be done; whereupon the Coroner interrupted sharply:—

"The jury have only to ascertain the cause of death," he said. "I cannot receive a rider."

This is the right, commonsense spirit. Juries—and some Coroners—are often apt to be over-officious in laying blame on different people in the case of suicides. No doubt the repayments in question were heavy, but that would have been no justification for censuring the moneylenders. They made their terms and the victim accepted them. And he could have chosen a far simpler and more natural way out, i.e., by contesting his indebtedness in a County Court.

There are those who assert that the discipline of our prisons is savagely severe. Mr. Justice Scrutton voices the opinion of others in declaring that well-meaning reformers have now made prison life so comfortable that people who cannot get work, or do not want it, prefer prison to workhouse and conduct themselves accordingly.

Between these two views of what prison life is really like there is a great gulf fixed. The only way to get at the facts is to go to prison. Volunteers, three paces to the front—quick march!

* * *

Why Women Live Longer.

Physicians recently in conference at St. Bartholomew's Hospital advanced theories to account for women's stronger hold on life, which were almost identical in every particular with the reasons given by the author of our article in *Modern Man* on the same subject a few weeks ago.

We have neither the space nor the inclination to reiterate them all, but our main point was "the immeasurably greater strain which is exerted on the former's (men's) physical and mental activities by the cares and worries of business life." Now hear what the sages of "Bart's" have to say: "Women . . . do not work their brain cells as vigorously or as continuously as do their male relatives."

If you see it in *Modern Man*, you can be sure it is true.

* * *

A Brave Scotch Doctor.

The other day a child of five lay at the point of death from diphtheria in a humble Scotch cottage. The crisis had arrived so rapidly that on the entrance of the doctor the little patient was almost at his last gasp. There was only one hope—a single chance.

Making the necessary incision in the poor boy's throat, down on his knees fell the doctor—not to pray, but to suck out the poison; once, twice, three times. Who could know better than he that his own life was all too likely to be forfeited in the off-chance that the sacrifice would avail to save the life of his child patient?

"The bravest deed I ever saw," says an eye-witness, "though I went through the South African war, and have seen many brave acts."

Heroes are ever modest—none more so than medical heroes—and we are fully sensible that we shall incur the doctor's displeasure by publishing his name; but we shall publish it all the same. John Munro Campbell, M.D., of Glasgow, *Modern Man* bows to you in respect and admiration, bare-headed.

* * *

Motor 'Buses and the Home Secretary.

Last week we censured the Home Secretary for declining to furnish public particulars of motor 'bus fatalities in London this year. Our remarks proved quickly effective. Public particulars are now available, and disclose a state of affairs calling for drastic and immediate action.

Since the beginning of 1912, more than 120 people have been killed in the streets of the metropolis by motor 'buses alone. Nine were so killed during the first twelve days of this month.

Going back to 1911, in that year 4,449 drivers of motored vehicles were prosecuted within the metropolitan police area "for offences connected with excess of speed or dangerous driving."

Mr. McKenna offers us the assurance that "the whole matter is engaging his careful attention." But while he is thinking about what he ought to do—instead of doing it—pedestrians who have any wishes to declare as regard funeral arrangements will be discreet to make them known before they go out for a walk.

* * *

A Legal Puzzle.

How would you solve this little legal puzzle? A man rents a slot gas-meter from a corporation. It gets out of order, and one of the corporation's gas employees is called in. He fails to repair the meter, and, on departing, inadvertently leaves behind him an open pen-knife.

A child belonging to the man who rents the meter gets playing with the knife, and so badly injures one of his eyes with it that the optic has to be removed.

All quite plain so far? Yes? Good! But what about the sequel?

The father brings an action against the Corporation, based on the alleged negligence of the latter's employee in leaving a dangerous implement about, and a special jury assesses the damages at £125; but judgment is eventually entered for the corporation, on the ground that the employee, being a gas-fittings inspector, and not a repairer of meters, acted outside the scope of his authority; a judgment which is upheld on appeal.

Now it seems to us that, even if the employee had been a meter-mender, there would have been a remarkably slim case against the corporation, as the man had not been deputed to attend to the defect which was the *fons et origo mali*, but had been casually called in out of the street.

Assuming, however, the justness, in that case, of the £125 damages, how could the validity of such an award be upset by the fact that the employee was an inspector? The relevant fact is, that he *was* an employee, and that—albeit without specific authority—in what he did he acted for and on behalf of the corporation. What is *your* opinion, gentle reader?

* * *

New Suffragette Dangers.

If it were possible for us to have some respect for the Pethick Lawrence couple we should "feel it coming on" now, for in their secession from the W.S.P.U. there is some little promise of a check to the "new militancy" of the Pankhurst couple, to whose influence is attributable so much of the devilry of Suffragette methods in general.

Although neither the full motive nor the full meaning of this welcome split has been made clear yet, there is some reason for believing that the Lawrences revolted at the diabolical nature of certain outrages now in contemplation and preparation. We discharge a duty to the community in warning the authorities that they cannot be too vigilant.

It is significant that at the back of the threatened extension of "militant" methods are ex-prisoners—convicts released by the fatuous timidity of the Government. At every stage of the history of the movement domineered by the Pankhursts and their like, the folly and wickedness of a policy of surrender to the cowardly tactics of hunger-strikers is obvious—save to the myopic vision of the feeble-minded.

* * *

Drunkard and a Baby.

A woman sentenced to a month at the instance of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was certified to be "terribly addicted to drink, and to have no will-power to resist it." She asked Mr. Paul Taylor to "make it a fine" for the sake of her baby. "No," said the magistrate; "the child at the breast will go to prison with you."

We have a great respect for Mr. Paul Taylor, but must call him over the coals in this instance. It would surely have been more humane to have parted "the child at the breast" from such a breast. The suckling infant of a mother so "terribly addicted to drink" would be less certain to inherit "a taste for the bottle" if its early nutriment were derived from another sort of bottle.

* * *

Power to Arrest on Suspicion.

A noteworthy illustration of the danger that is inseparable from the power of summary arrest on suspicion in the hands of police-constables comes from Glasgow, where a young lady was arrested and convicted on a charge of a White Slave Traffic nature, two constables swearing her away.

One of them has since been ordered to pay damages for improper arrest in another case, and the other has been found guilty of bigamy. On appeal, the conviction of this innocent woman has been quashed, medical evidence proving that she could not have been leading the life she was accused of leading.

As regards the restitution of Clause 1 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act now before the House, which would give the police practically indiscriminate power of arrest, Mr. Handel Booth, M.P., points out that already the police possess powers they do not exercise.

* * *

A Bad Sign of the Times.

Public and semi-public tobacco smoking by women is noticeably on the increase. Instinct is sometimes right where logic leads us astray, and there is no getting away from it that any such practice is instinctively condemned as detestable by almost all men and by all women of the best sort.

Smoking has for so long been a "manly" habit exclusively that women seen to be consuming tobacco—in however dainty a form—in railway carriages, restaurants, and other places where they do now light up in increasing numbers, seems to be doing something "manly." That is why they do it. How it is that there are so many women incapable of grasping the fact that men loathe a manly woman is one of those things that no man can understand.

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The tobacco-loving Germans have a tit-bit of proverbial philosophy to the following effect. In the beginning, they say, God made man. Next He made woman—and then He felt very sorry for the man, and made tobacco.

Prince Karl Max Lichnowsky, the newly appointed German Ambassador in London, is indisputably a German, but he is the author of a recent sentence the refreshing naivete of which is more suggestive of Gallic lightness than Teutonic stolidity.

He impressively argues, with evidently sincere self-conviction: "After we (Germans) have copied her manner, sports, and games, Great Britain should not take it amiss that we copy her fleet."

* * *

Admiralty and Submarine Victim.

In the agony of their anxiety, the parents of Walter Charles Rivers, who went down with submarine B2, sent a telegram of inquiry to the Admiralty, and waited a telegraphic reply. It never came. They had not prepaid for it. Their son had just lost his life in the service of his country, but the Admiralty was not going to spend sixpence about it.

After being kept in the torture of suspense for hour after hour, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers received an answer by post. If the Admiralty stamps its letters, its total saving is reduced to fivepence. Its excuse, of course, is a red-tape one. But there is always somebody in authority who can make an exception if he likes, and somebody ought to have "liked" in this case.

The incident stinks of beggarly stinginess.

* * *

Send now for our Complete Shaving Set and Fountain Pen.

* * *

Hooting Him to Distraction.

Mr. George Moore—more power to his elbow!—has addressed a characteristic letter to the Home Secretary. His theme: The motor horn. His plaint: That it is hooting him to distraction. His suggested remedy: Its suppression. His arguments: Ingenious, even if not altogether convincing.

To forbid the chauffeur his hooting abomination, he says, would deprive him of the formal excuse, when he runs down a pedestrian: "I sounded my horn." The speed of motor vehicles, he adds, would be reduced to twelve or fifteen miles an hour, and the drivers would slow down at crossings.

We confess to feeling sceptical. Speed mania is a very real thing in these days, and it is much to be doubted whether the suppression of the motor horn would in any way tend towards its mitigation. We fear, indeed, the opposite tendency.

Nevertheless, Mr. George Moore may not have written entirely in vain. Some kind of reform ought not to be impossible; and perhaps, when Mr. McKenna has solved the problem with which he is grappling just at present—the better regulation of motor traffic—he may be able to turn his attention to the better regulation also of those hideous nerve-racking noises with which that traffic is associated.

* * *

Pulpit and People.

Religious teachers and preachers are certainly getting clearer vision and tighter grip as regards the practical problems of modern life. The remarks at Manchester of the Chairman of the Congregational Union are an instance in point. He told his ministerial brethren that they could not meet the new religious requirements by preaching twice every Sunday. Preaching had no effect on the surging multitudes in the streets, the shops, and the mills, for they did not go to hear it.

They must concentrate on the training of the young. The great error was in breaking off the work of education at the most critical time. Millions were spent on the elementary schools, and the products allowed to run to waste. An argument in favour of conscription was the value of drill and discipline to the body and the character.

Speaking of the good work of the Borstal system, he commented on its essential defect—an innocent boy could not take advantage of it. "That is the method all along the line—energy to recover the fallen, but indifference for the innocent."

Quite so. In our case, to cure, we neglect prevention.

* * *

Another Instance.

Whatever else it may be, the Free Church Council is thoroughly representative of the Free Churches, and that these are allowing themselves greater freedom of thought and action is manifest by the fact that the Council has expressed its conviction that "the whole range of Christian liability needs to be re-examined and restated in the light of prevailing conditions."

It certainly does.

* * *

Divine Discontent.

Mr. Walter Dixon, of the West of Scotland Iron and Steel Institute, is about a hundred years behind the time. He has expressed his sympathy with the opinion that 90 or 95 per cent. of the workers in the iron, steel, and allied trades would do their work better and quicker if they had no education beyond the three R's.

This would seem to imply that working men should be cut off from culture, poetry, imagination, art, idealism. Let them be merely eating, drinking, and working automata.

Such piffle would be beneath our notice had it not, in this case, provoked, among other protests, the following fine outburst from Sir William Bailey in the course of his own repudiation:—"Discontent is divine; it is the only way to human progress. A man without ideals is simply a machine. We want more poets and more poetry, more culture and more chivalry. All great men have been artists and idealists. The workman who is satisfied is the man who walks to the workhouse in his old age. Discontent and education have been the great factors in human progress."

* * *

Irish Pigs and French Wines.

The new theory as to the nature, origin and contagion of foot-and-mouth disease derives some support from recent researches in Ireland—where the outbreak has already cost the Irish people a million and a half of money, with "more to follow."

According to official reports, the disease was in one case brought into the country on the boots of cattle dealers, while in another it has been traced by the Government inspectors to straw envelopes covering bottles of French wines, which went to the officers' mess at Curragh Camp, the straw being given to a widow in the neighbourhood for the use of her pigs as bedding material. Soon afterwards these pigs were attacked by the dreaded disease—our increasing knowledge of which should be an assistance in keeping it off our shores.

* * *

Emigration Swindles.

With the remarkable rapidity of action so characteristic of Governmental enterprise, a "Dominions Royal Commission"—which is sitting at the time of writing—has bethought itself to treat of an evil which we exposed in a trenchant article many moons ago. We are referring to the fraudulent "emigration agent."

This individual inserts alluring advertisements, giving some high-sounding title suggesting—but not actually asserting, be it well noted—an official imperial status; and paints glorious pictures of the possibilities offered by the Colonies to emigrants. "Apply, etc." Hundreds of men and women apply at his office, probably one or two rooms, rented already furnished, in some pretentious block of buildings. From each he exacts some sort of bonus or commission in recognition of his guaranteeing them a job across the water; but on arrival there they learn that his guarantee is bogus, and that there is no job for them.

Such men as this—and they are not a few—ought to be heavily punished; but in reality their dupes are more greatly to blame for being so unsuspicious of such frauds.

True, the various colonial governments warn all intending emigrants against all agents with the exception of a select few; but there is no truer saying than the old one to the effect that a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

* * *

Filth Under Religious Cloak.

Details of an "excessively disgusting character," to use counsel's expressive phrase, were related in the Divorce Court, when Thomas Southern Richardson obtained the dissolution of his marriage with his wife, Ellen, by reason of her misconduct with Samuel Evans.

The later, it was stated, invented a new religion for himself by reason of the nature of which he had to fly the country. In one of his "services," held in a private house, he declared that he (Evans) was the King in the Millennium, and that Mrs. Richardson was the Queen, and that they should be husband and wife.

This is the same foul old Mormon and Agapemonite story over again, only on more ignoble and squalid lines. How much longer are depraved wretches of this kind to be permitted to commit such blasphemous atrocities under the cloak of religion?

Some people are wont to rejoice that the old dark days of the Middle Ages are gone by; but in some respects this is a pity. In those times, such scoundrels as we are discussing would have had a taste of the rack and thumbscrew. We wish we could get it for them now.

* * *

Compulsory Fire Inquests.

Fire inquests, which have been compulsory in the City of London ever since 1888, have been attended with such indisputably good results, that it is little short of amazing to find they have not been made compulsory everywhere else.

The number of fires that would never have taken place if the preventive recommendations which are the outcome of such inquests had been better known, is undoubtedly considerable.

Compulsory fire inquests throughout the country *Modern Man* most strongly advocates; and if the other important organs of popular opinion will but follow our lead, there can be no question about their speedily becoming an accomplished fact.

* * *

German Piano Scandal.

Mr. Landon Ronald, who made such a pretty picture "In the Stocks" on our front cover last week, is evoking a storm of protest by his preference for German pianos over British-made instruments. Here is an excerpt from some spirited remarks made by Mr. George Billings, F.A.I., a member of the Music Committee of the City Corporation, and a former Mayor of Hackney. He says:—

"If British pianos at the Guildhall School have been found wanting in any particular, I should like to know how it happens that during all the years that Mr. Ronald and his predecessor, Dr. William H. Cummings, have been principals of that school the minutes of the Music Committee have contained not a solitary complaint against any of the British instruments provided . . ?"

Here is a question which will take some answering. Meanwhile this unpatriotic spirit was also recently shown at the Palladium at a Sunday League concert, when a Blüthner piano was used throughout, though a Chappell piano was available. We have heard whispers that German firms have taken steps to enlist favour for their instruments. We wonder whether there is any truth in this? If there is, it does not reflect greatly to the credit of the British recipients of Teuton bounty.

* * *

Wrongful Arrest.

No one rejoices more than the present scribe at the result of the action recently brought by Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver, an actor and a musical composer respectively, for damages for alleged malicious prosecution, against Messrs. George and William Jennings, provision merchants, of Loudwater, near High Wycombe. It appears that some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver were indebted to the provision firm to the extent of £1 15s.

Subsequently the latter issued a county court summons, and Mr. Cleaver entered a defence. Then one of the defendants went to a magistrate and swore that the plaintiffs had obtained credit for £1 15s. by false pretences. A warrant was issued, Mr. and Mrs Cleaver were arrested, and spent the night locked up in a police-station cell. Next morning the case was dismissed.

The jury found for Mrs. Cleaver for £75. and for Mr. Cleaver for £25 damages, and costs. His Honour Judge Woodfall said he entirely agreed with the verdict. So do we. If everybody who owed a tradesman a bill was liable to indignities of this kind, life would be intolerable.

* * *

Lash Advocated at Middlesex Sessions.

Muddle-headed, timid-hearted "humanitarian" sentimentalists who protest against the punishment of the lash every time it is proposed to inflict it sometimes claim that judges are on their side. They certainly cannot claim this of Judge Rentoul, as we showed last week, or of the Chairman of the present Middlesex Sessions. The former remarked the other day, in summing up in a garroting case, that the crime of robbery with violence was regarded so seriously by the law that the law allowed judges to punish it by flogging. But there was so much talk about the inhumanity of flogging that the legislature was too timid to compel judges to order it, and judges were too timid to do so unless compelled. To this all-round timidity he regretfully attributed the falling of flogging into disuse.

Where the charge-sheet revealed an epidemic of burglary, Mr. Montague Sharpe was at a loss, he said, as to what to suggest to his colleagues as the best way of dealing with previously convicted burglars and others of their type. The Habitual Criminal Act having practically broken down, some power ought to be vested in Chairmen of Sessions to deal with prisoners with two or three convictions already against them.

Referring to the outcry against the use of the lash in such cases, he urged that in view of the terror brought into homes by practised burglars and housebreakers, more consideration should be given to the persons aggrieved than to such criminals.

When the Grand Jury later on presented a strongly-worded recommendation that more stringent punishment—that is, the lash—should be awarded to burglars and housebreakers, Mr. Sharpe said the recommendation was as welcome as it was unexpected.

* * *

Love and the Pistol.

The increasing number of tragedies, suicides and murders, most of them resulting from amative insanity, in which pistols play the leading part, ought surely to prompt the Government to place more difficulties in the way of would-be suicides or murderers who seek to obtain such weapons. Nowadays such a man has only to apply for a gun license at a post-office, and it is given him without question, thus enabling him to procure his fire-arm equally easily from any gunsmith.

What should be done is to enforce upon every applicant a declaration of the purpose for which he intends using the weapon, together with a statement by some undeniably responsible person supporting that declaration. When you consider that this formality is enforced before a public library will issue books to an applicant, there seems to be something wrong when death-dealing weapons can be obtained without it.

* * *

£250 for football skill. Have you read page 1498?

* * *

Scripture on the Film.

We have received a budget of correspondence as a result of the private view at the Queen's Hall of a cinematographic film, prepared by the Kalem Company, and showing the "life story of Christ." The company sent 42 actors to Palestine, and engaged hundreds of natives and camels for the enterprise, which has cost £20,000. The one voiced query of our correspondents is the following "Should the film be used?"

A leaflet referring to the production, which is entitled "From Manger to Cross," announces that "the dramatist has aimed at giving an accurate and reverent picture in the life of Jesus of Nazareth." It is on this statement, which we accept as sincere, that we base our answer to our readers' query. The educative power of the cinema has been universally recognised by clergymen, and provided that this film is truly reverent in spirit, we think it should do much good, providing, in fact, a sort of Oberammergau Passion Play for the million.

But we insist upon reverent treatment. Failing this, such a film should be immediately banned.

* * *

Putumayo Horrors.

If the result of the inquiries of the Select Committee just appointed by Government to examine into the responsibility of the English directors of the Peruvian Amazon Company be to convict any of those directors of complicity in the Putumayo atrocities, let them hang.

If it be right to appoint this Select Commitee now—as it certainly is—it was glaringly wrong not to do so months ago. While we do not, because we cannot, believe that these English directors knew what was going on, we tell the Select Committee that it is within their province to settle a further question—ought they to have known? We impute nothing when we remark that there is such a thing as guilty ignorance as well as guilty knowledge.

* * *

Is Lunacy Catching?

The idiotic "Which would you save?" discussions have been followed up by the *Daily Mirror*, which has succeeded in eliciting a number of replies to the query: "Would a man on a sinking ship be justified in wresting a lifebelt from a woman in order to save his wife's life?"

It seems to us that the only interest of the propounded problem and the correspondence it is responsible for, is the melancholy psychological interest that is attached to insanity in all its forms and manifestations.

Supporters of the Central Sunday Closing Association are organising an appeal to the Government to pass a Sunday Closing Bill before the close of the Session of 1913, but we hardly fancy their chance of success.

Sunday closing *would not* put down Sunday drinking.

* * *

The "Cat" for a Cur.

Three years penal servitude and fifteen lashes with the "cat" was the sentence passed on that foul human biped, Arthur Entwistle, the 39-year-old Battersea tailor, who assaulted an eight-year-old girl, under circumstances so horrible as to be fresh in all our readers' memories. And the sentence—we have no hesitation in saying it at once—was not one-hundredth part strong enough.

Putting aside the fifteen lashes (for fifty would not have been enough), the sentence of three years is farcically small. More than that has been done for far lesser offences by hundreds of men, whose boots Entwistle is not worthy to clean. Such a creature as he should either be hanged, or detained for life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

* * *

Evil of Extravagant Up-Bringing.

When a woman who gave the name of "Ellen Gascoign" was acquitted at Beckenham on a charge of appropriating to her own use money which had been supplied to her for her employer's housekeeping, the plea was advanced in her defence that she had had an extravagant up-bringing. She had been married, so it was said, and during her matrimonial life her grossly extravagant habits had caused pain and trouble; and after a few years she went out into the world to earn her own living.

We do not disagree with the magistrate's ruling, for probably in this case the woman had no felonious intent; but the moral is nevertheless clear. It is semi-criminal foolishness on the part of parents, however well-off they may be, if they do not instil into the minds of their children (especially their daughters) a due recognition of the value of money. And another thing—a woman of "Ellen Gascoign's" temperament ought neither to have sought nor to have been given so responsible a post as that of housekeeper.

* * *

Campaign Against Cycle Stealing.

At the recent meeting of the Birmingham Centre of the National Cyclists's Union, which inaugurated a campaign against cycle-stealing, the case was very sensibly put by Mr. Van Helden, who said that wheelmen should be warned against leaving their machines about in a careless way, because temptation often created thieves.

That is a truism which deserves to be well rubbed in. Many a careless cyclist who has had his "bike" commandeered through his carelessness, would probably have succumbed to temptation himself if he had seen an apparently ownerless "fiver" lying about, and nobody looking. *Verb. sap.*

TASK LABOUR.

(The Newton Abbot Guardians suggest wood-sawing as task-labour for Workhouse inmates who won't work.)

When lazy paupers want to try and shirk,
We'll make them saw;
Perhaps in time they'll get quite fond of work
And ask for more.
We'll start with deal—a good "deal" for beginners;
Then should they "pine," we'll give them "birch," the sinners!

No doubt they'll find the House is no hotel,
With lodging free;
In which to eat and drink and idly dwell
In luxury.
One log, one meal—will be the rule for shirkers,
And then good-bye to all except the workers.

When able-bodied applicants appear,
We then shall ask
If they are quite prepared to persevere
In their real task;
But should we find their duties they are dodging,
We'll try them with our latest "BOARD and lodging."

ALLEGATIONS AGAINST THE N.S.P.C.C.

A Correspondent's Vehement Protest.

We have received from a reader in West Kensington a communication regarding the methods of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Says our correspondent:—

"May I voice a tardy, but none the less strong protest against the arbitrary methods which the N.S.P.C.C. are allowed by the police and other authorities to employ with impunity. I consider it nothing short of a violation of the liberty of the subject. I, who have one of the healthiest small sons, and the most kindly treated, in the West End of the Metropolis, have been absolutely persecuted for months.

I visited the Society's head office in Leicester Square, and complained, whereupon they promised to look into the matter. After a long delay, I received a letter expressing their inability to disclose the identity of their communicant, as the latter did not seem to have been actuated by malice. I have, however, since discovered without a shadow of a doubt that the writer of the letters (there were several, mark you) was my mother-in-law, between whom and myself, Mr. Editor, there is no love lost, and whose action in writing to the Society was prompted. I have every confidence in asserting, by malice of no uncertain kind.

Now my grievance is this. Inspectors seem to obtain cases by tacitly promising complete security to anybody who writes giving information—truthful or otherwise. . . .

INDIGNANT.

Queen's Club Gardens, W.

Considering the worthy object of the N.S.P.C.C., and the good work the Society has done, *Modern Man* sincerely hopes our correspondent's indictment is not justified. We shall be interested to hear anything that the N.S.P.C.C. may feel disposed to say on the subject.

Our Coal Note: Best Kitchen Nuts.

HOSPITAL EVILS.

Outspoken Letter from a Western Reader.

Recent allegations against the methods under which accident cases are treated at Guy's Hospital, have brought us a long letter from a reader, who gives an address in the West of England. He says:—

"*Modern Man* has already drawn the attention of the public to so many evils that I have no hesitation in asking you to use your undoubted power to put an end to what strikes me as a very dangerous state of affairs now existing in many hospitals throughout the country, but principally, so it appears, at Guy's. I cannot imagine a more serious case than that of Mrs. Elizabeth Catherine Hawley, the sixty-four-year-old Blackfriars woman, who recently died in the Southwark Infirmary from a fractured skull. The son said that as there was no vacant bed at St. Thomas's Hospital, he was able, after some delay, to obtain a police ambulance, in which the poor old lady was taken to Guy's Hospital. There a doctor told him that his mother was not 'suffering from very much,' and that the injury was only a slight concussion. The hospital authorities ordered her removal to the Westmoreland Road Workhouse, and she was taken there on a police ambulance. Next morning the son found that she had been taken to Champion Hill Infirmary on the previous evening, and that she was dead. Now, sir, here comes my point.

"Dr. H. W. Bruce, of the Champion Hill Infirmary, said that the hospital authorities would not have sent the patient away had they known that her skull was fractured. It was hard sometimes to distinguish unconsciousness due to drink from coma due to a fractured skull.

"This strikes me as a clear admission of the ineptitude of the doctor who first of all attended her at Guy's, before she was sent away. It seems undeniable that he did not submit her to anything approaching a thorough examination. And thorough examinations are what he is there for. Otherwise he is no use. What I want to know is, why are such men allowed to officiate? and it strikes me that instant and stern action should be taken by the Government against a hospital—essentially an institution for healing the sick—which allows a woman to be sent away to die!

"You will understand, Mr. Editor, that I feel particularly strongly on this subject, for almost as bad a case occurred only a short time previously in my own city of Exeter. A man named James Triggs, a master builder, aged 51, was brought to the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital terribly injured by a fall from a scaffolding, and was allowed to remain unattended for two hours! It appears that the resident medical men (and, mark you, there are only two of them) were in the operating theatre when the case arrived, and the defence was that the injured man was attended to as soon as possible. As soon as possible!

"Now, Mr. Editor, these cases, which are only two of many quite recent ones, surely show that there is something radically wrong with the methods of hospitals in many parts of the country, and I feel sure you will do your best to bring about a better state of things.

"Yours hopefully and cordially,

"T. K. F. (Exeter)."

Without taking up quite so uncompromising an attitude as that adopted by our correspondent, T. K. F., we are, nevertheless strongly of opinion that more than one phase of hospital management should be inquired into and amended.

What are the most prominent of these? In the case of the latest allegation against Guy's Hospital, which our correspondent quotes in his letter, it would seem that the house-surgeon in question was either inefficient or not sufficiently careful in his examination of the old woman. We are loth to condemn on ex parte evidence; but it is significant that Guy's has been very unfortunate in the matter of a large total of such allegations.

We have often expressed our unbounded admiration for the noble profession of medicine; but we have an idea that the system of maintaining a quite inadequately small staff of house-surgeons (many of them honorary) in a very great percentage of our hospitals is largely responsible for the evils under discussion.

HAPPY BIRMINGHAM.

Only Twelve Inquiries for work in Three Months!

Of a verity, there is much that townships and cities, not to mention the individual inhabitants thereof, may learn from Birmingham.

There is no greater criterion of the soundness of character of a city or town as a whole than the general financial condition of its residents taken as a body; and the perhaps unequalled prosperity that exists among the working population of Warwickshire's capital, is the chief basis of this article, in which we hope to point a moral for the benefit of some other towns and boroughs.

Few Enquiries for Work.

Much food for thought is afforded the enthusiast in the matter of municipal economy by the reports carried at a recent meeting of the Birmingham Distress Committee, held in the Council Chamber under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor.

In submitting the report of the General Purposes Committee, that gentleman said that during the past four months the distress had been hardly appreciable. Trade was good now in all its branches.

During the past three months no more than twelve inquiries for work have been received by the Birmingham Distress Committee! And half of these were made by men for whom the Committee found work last season. Think of it! Only twelve applications for work in thirteen weeks—less than one per week! This certainly seems to suggest very forcibly that "Brum" possesses some very efficient weapon for fighting the demon of unemployment, especially in view of the following illuminating, but hardly inspiriting fact.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, undoubtedly one of the soundest authorities on employment (or unemployment) in the United Kingdom, that, on any day in the year, there are not less than half a million working people out of employment throughout the country. And of these Birmingham appears to provide only about 1 per week!

A Lead to Follow.

Now, let us take the case of those whose employment is not entirely lucrative enough to render them completely independent of city aid. Here are some figures from the latter department.

In the four months ending September 30th, 1911, there were 769 applicants, but during the same period of this year, the figures dropped to 680, an obviously very material amelioration of the previously existing conditions, considering that the city's population is little short of 600,000.

What, then, is the secret of the happy position of Birmingham in the matter of work and wages? It probably comes under many headings; but the following is no doubt one of the prime factors, and we commend it to the earnest consideration of other municipalities. It is embodied in the words of Birmingham's Lord Mayor, "The Distress Committee has received very substantial help from the Public Works Committee."

Cohesion of activity among the different departments of the municipal working bodies is the only way of obtaining the best possible results from the work of the one body as a whole. Birmingham realises this—but, alas, a great many other cities and towns and boroughs apparently do not.

It is not uncommon in many towns to find scores—nay hundreds of men waiting idle in one municipal department for vacancies, who are not sent on to other departments which might be instrumental in providing abundant work.

Assisting Emigration.

Another branch of activity which this go-ahead city has taken up enthusiastically is the finding of work in the colonies for those for whom it cannot be got in Birmingham—in other words, assisted emigration. And such people are not stinted of money wherewith to make a start. So far no less than £1,387 has been paid by the Birmingham Distress Committee in this way; and in view of the very small percentage of unemployment in that city, and the consequently obvious small total of would-be-emigrants, this is undoubtedly a lavish figure; and we trust that the recipients of this bounty will be correspondingly prompt in repaying it.

IN AUTUMN STORM.

Clearing Away Summer's Outworn Dress.

If the Irish of it is admissible, one may say that now is the time of Nature's "spring cleaning," for it is during October and November that the world, as we know it in these latitudes, undergoes its great washing and sweeping and garnishing by the rains and winds.

Leaves and their Hue.

No housewife was ever confronted with such a pile of rubbish to be cleared away as any hedgerow or wood presents to the twin forces that are now at work in Nature's larger sphere.

For a brief spell the hedges have been glorious in their golden, russet, and purple tints. The weakening sun has warmed the turning leaves into flames of all hues, from the deep wine-purple of the bramble's thorny leaves to the light, pure gold of the elm-tree tops.

Berries, too, have stood out like shining jewels against the background of russet bracken and hedgerow wrack, until the earth seems to be hung with priceless gems even in the loneliest spots where no human being will ever see them.

Indifference to Man.

But this is Nature's way. On the forsaken downside the clematis hangs in frizzed profusion, the sloes glow with a deep bloom close to the blackthorn stems, the heart of the leafless spinney and the beechen clump grows beautifully dark with the glow of healthy bark. No matter whether mankind passes that way or not. Nature is at work indifferent to man's presence or absence.

All this beauty of the first stages of decay and destruction is not for long. There is no permanence about the autumn tints, and though a cluster of close clinging leaves may survive even to the new year, the rest have vanished in a storm, and out of what seemed unconquerable confusion and litter a new, sombre, neater world emerges.

But first the storm must have raged, and, apparently, have added dirt to litter, confusion to mere death, motion to a still contentment.

Before the Gales.

When the earliest frosts have weakened the clinging leaves and sent them lightly floating down to earth, they lie in thick circles waiting for the gale. Some vanish into the turf, drawn under by countless worms that one can imagine to be waiting just below the surface, for their fall.

But the greatest number go—whither? We may watch their passage up and down the highways in clattering, hysterical, scurrying rushes as the gale catches them up, but at the last when the gale has subsided they are invisible.

Few pleasures equal that of braving the autumn gales. In gaiters and rainproof overall, well buttoned up to the throat, it is a joy to face the storm. Great gusts hurl themselves at you, almost bringing you to a standstill, as if someone pulled you back. From the grey, racing clouds the rain clashes into the trees around you, and lashes your face with sudden cold, almost taking the breath away.

Almost Perfect Silence.

All round, the air is filled with the scattered wrack of summer. Leaves, torn from their insecure holdings on the branches, whirl through the air on a last mad flight before dropping down to be re-absorbed into the ground, to give life to the next spring growth.

With varying strength the tempest rages all day long, driving all living creatures to what shelter they can find, and taking complete possession of wood, and field, and road.

But even an autumn storm must exhaust itself some time, and the first suggestion of evening finds the rain abating and the winds falling. Great rents appear in the leaden sky, and late towards evening a pale but welcome gleam from the westering sun sends a low shaft of glorious light across the sodden but well swept landscape.

Soon there is complete calm, and as the sun goes down into the now skimpy wood there is almost perfect silence. Only a robin drops a pathetic song from the slim stump, and a growing murmur of many waters, muddy and frothy, and leaf strewn, rises from the little stream fast becoming a torrent, completing the work of carrying off the refuse of the year.

C. EASTON GREY.

INDISCRETIONS.

We permit ourselves to warn our more unsuspecting readers against a tall, clean-shaven man, of gentlemanly bearing and address, who is to be met in the smart saloon-lounges of the West End. He is generally dressed in brown, and is in the habit of asking any casual acquaintances, who look at all well-off, to dinner with him "at his flat in Kensington."

* * *

The flat is not in Kensington, but in West Kensington, a hybrid locality of very different reputation. And we know all about that flat. He only quite recently rented it furnished—for purposes of gambling. The number of gulls whom he has plucked there is already considerable; and the flat also provides one or two women, who are not there solely for ornament. We wonder why the police have not yet moved in the matter.

* * *

While on the subject of West Kensington, we have heard more than one complaint about an individual who does a pretty extensive book-making business there. He frequents one of the best-known saloon-bars in the neighbourhood, in which he covertly conducts many of his betting transactions, either personally or through certain employees.

He has lately taken to deducting from the winnings of certain clients, small amounts owing by those clients to local tradesmen—a fact which should not commend him as a reliable medium for an occasional "flutter."

* * *

Not long ago a gang of enterprising gentry made the acquaintance of a girl of the unfortunate class in a well-known café, and invited her to go for a run to the Surrey hills in a taxi. She consented, and with them entered a cab which was conveniently drawn up at the door. When the taxi reached a secluded lane many miles from London, it stopped and the men dragged the wretched girl out, brutalised her, and then drove off, taking with them her purse, containing a considerable sum of money.

* * *

She had enough presence of mind to look for the taxi-cab's number; but the fact that it had been removed showed that the driver was one of the parties to the plot.

If not, why not? California has provided the lead by supplying the police with chewing gum to soothe lost children.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XV.—AN OBSTACLE TO FAME.

By ADAM STERN.
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

"If you would only control yourself, my dear lady," said the proprietor of Prosing's Emporium in tones of rising agitation.

"Control myself! Ah, mon Dieu! how would you have me control myself in such desolating tragic circumstances! My money is gone! Henceforth I am a beggar on the streets! Francois, speak! explain with your unexampled eloquence my anguish—my insupportable loss!" She laid her hand on her companion's sleeve. There were tears in her eyes, her mouth quivered piteously. She looked exceedingly bewitching in her thousand-guinea musquash coat. (Mr. Prosing, subconsciously appraising it, was an acknowledged connoisseur on the subject.)

The gentleman thus appealed to—a sleek and immaculate, ardent looking Frenchman—bent and kissed the back of her gloved hand passionately and then faced Mr. Prosing with a dignified, trembling severity.

"There are thieves in your establishment, sare. That is the whole explication. There are thieves in your establishment!"

"So much I gather," said Mr. Prosing helplessly. "But what has been stolen? And how did it happen, and when? If you will only be so kind as to give me a few details. Wait one moment!" as the lady, readily complying, began anew with amazing volubility. He snatched up a receiver and spoke into a telephone. "Is that you, Kane? Do come here at once—to my private office. I want you." He made a pacificatory gesture, and waited with an expression of mingled pain and relief.

"Mr. Kane," he said parenthetically, "is my right-hand man—my confidante. I—a—trust him when I would hardly trust myself."

Kane, big and genial, came in. He bowed with his inimitable ease to the lady, who involuntarily smiled in return. (All ladies smiled at Kane—or wanted to.) He bowed to the Frenchman . . . and Mr. Prosing suddenly sat down; he was less uncomfortably aware of having short legs while sitting. In a moment, as it seemed to everybody, the atmosphere lightened.

"It's like this, Kane," said Mr. Prosing expansively, "this lady here—I think you said your name, madame?"

"Ma'mselle," she corrected sweetly. "Or, better still Mees Chrissie Dale—danseuse extraordinaire! Doubtless you have heard of me. I came but yesterday from the States. Next week—Monday—I appear at your Pantheon. You must come and see me," she said brightly at Kane.

"With great pleasure," said Kane. The Frenchman frowned, and smartly straightened his coat.

"It is the business that we are here to discuss," he said. "Let me tell you, sare, that it is a most sinister proceeding that we cannot enter your establishment without being disgracefully and violently robbed. Ma'mselle Dale she has been robbbed of five thousand dollars!"

"This morning?" asked Kane.

"Not ten minutes ago."

"In which department?"

"While she was buying some perfume."

"Did you inform the assistant of your loss?"

"We did not discover it for some little while. Then when we were at the door Mees Dale scream excitedly ——"

"I did *not* scream, Francois! Don't be so ridiculous!"

"Mees Dale say softly, in her voice of dulcet sweetness: 'Francois! Francois! I have lost my umbrella!'"

"Umbrella!" exclaimed Kane with interest.

"Umbrella!" said Mr. Prosing. "Why. I thought you said ——"

"Presently, sare. It is necessary that I first explain. Mees Dale she have funny little ways sometimes. She have passion for being original. She carry her money in her umbrella. The umbrella, sare, she prize very much; it was given to her by a Russian nobleman." Mees Dale looked down at her gloves and pensively examined a tiny blemish. "The handle of the umbrella is a beautiful shark's tooth, and the tooth is hollow, and in the hollow tooth Mees Dale have five negotiable American bills of a thousand dollars each. It is all she have left, after the enormous expenses of her tour."

"Except my invested money, Francois," she put in gently.

"Ah, yes, of course. But this is immaterial; that we need not discuss."

"What was your next step," asked Kane, "after finding that the umbrella was missing?"

"We demand to see instantly the proprietor of the establishment. We are very much agitated. It is a terrible experience."

"Most distressing," murmured Kane. "Tell me, Miss Dale, what exactly do you wish us to do?"

She peeped at him for a moment from under her lashes. "That is for you to decide, is it not? What you usually do. I am ignorant of your procedure." She began to speak very rapidly. "I must have my money back. It is inconvenient to me, most disagreeable, to be deprived of my possessions like this. I implore you to take immediate steps for its recovery. Inform your police. Advertise in your papers. I am staying at the Hotel Royal. It is quite possible, quite possible, that some lady or gentleman has taken it by mistake . . . not a common thing at all." She rose to her feet, with a suddenly radiant smile. "Come, Francois," she said.

"You did not think, I suppose," said Kane, "to go back to the department and inquire if the umbrella had been found?"

"No," said the Frenchman, after a momentary glance at his companion.

"Then if you will kindly remain for just a minute longer I will go and make the inquiry myself."

He returned with the umbrella, and was wearing a pleasant inscrutable smile.

The woman started; then directed dilated eyes at her companion. He, too, was staring, with eyes protruding out of his head.

"You jumped to conclusions too soon," smiled Dunlop Kane. "Here you are!"

"What a relief!" gasped Mr. Prosing.

"Will you not look in the handle to see if the bills are intact?" pursued Kane, irresistibly winning, as he restored the umbrella to Miss Dale.

She hesitated.

"It is not necessary," she said coldly. "Thank you very much."

"Please," urged Kane. "It is incumbent on you, I think: not only for your own sake but for the satisfaction of the establishment."

"No," she said decisively, and cuddled the umbrella the tighter. "I am satisfied, and you must be. Come, Francois."

"One moment," said Kane, still with his slight inscrutable smile. He walked over to the door, while the three who watched him stared. "Will you please to come in," he said—and a man in the custody of two assistants was released, and, obeying the behest, stepped in.

He was a gentleman to look at, and conspicuously uneasy. Kane shut the door.

"Do you know each other?" inquired Kane very pleasantly. "I think you do . . . I will ease your mind, Mr. Prosing, of what appears to be a very tantalising mystery. Quite by chance a little while ago I detected this latter gentleman inadvertently taking up an umbrella which obviously was not his. It had been left against the counter in the vanity department. I was putting to him a few questions when your telephone message came, so I left him for the nonce in the company of a couple of our fellows. From the story Miss Dale has told us, I concluded—and I think I was right—that it was only a little joke she was playing on us, and through us on the British public. Sweet are the uses of advertisement—when the advertisement is cheap. This latter gentleman is naturally a friend . . . I am sorry, Miss Dale."

"You're a brute," she said feelingly—and with nothing of a French accent; "it would have made beautiful reading. . . But come and see me, anyhow."

(Another complete story next week.)

THE MORMON PERIL.

British Girls and Religious Perplexity.

Below we give extracts from one of a very large number of letters received from readers thanking us for our recent fearless onslaught on Mormonism. The writer, a woman, says:

The enlightening articles of Mr. Wm. Jarman are calculated to bring the truth home to many heads of families, but it is the women, above all, who need to be roused to a sense of their danger. . . .

The Mormon "missionaries" are usually better born, better reared and better educated than the class of women among whom their efforts are mainly directed. What is the effect of this? There is the influence of the stronger personality acting upon the weaker one, and the woman's inner convictions are overpowered by arguments she has no means of refuting. Most young girls pass through an age of religious perplexity, and here is the Mormon's opportunity. Although their victims include women of all ages, it is at this impressionable age that they seek their converts.

Young girls are worked upon by means of their religious aspirations, their loftiest ideals and their holiest emotions. Then pass a few years. Young women from twenty and twenty-five onward are mostly occupied with a sweetheart, to the exclusion of other thoughts; or they are married and have a family which keeps them fully busy; but there are still many left who reach the thirties without a sweetheart, without a husband, without a home, and with no very encouraging outlook upon the world at all.

Here again is the chance of the Mormon missionary. His appeal at this stage is a different one. The new faith holds out the prospect of a new life, and the new life holds out infinitely more attractive possibilities than the old. There are good situations to be had, and good money to be earned out in Utah; but, of course, it is necessary to embrace the faith first.

Many girls have the idea of emigrating abroad when they are left parentless, and they find their homes broken up. Is it any wonder that such are found eager to try their lot in Utah. Every woman who has failed to make a home for herself in the old country sets out towards a new one with such hopes as spring eternal in the human breast. It is on these hopes which the Mormon missionaries so cruelly work. . . . The Mormon officials are now strong enough to work openly, but public indignation has been aroused, and appeals to the Home Secretary have been made on behalf of English homes. Germany has already taken steps to safeguard its womanhood. Why should we lie behind?

SUBURBANITE.

We are told that a man is made of dust, but dust settles, which is more than can be said of some men.

* * *

Grace: Honestly, do you like Matilda?
Daisy: Well—she's got a good heart, an' she means really well, but——
Grace: Neither do I.

IN STAGE LAND.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Adverting to my note last week re the forthcoming reproduction of "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," at the Aldwych, I understand that the management is trying to secure Miss Cora Goffin for the role created by Miss Elise Craven (up till recently charming the hyper-critical Parisian audiences of the Folies Bérgère).

I sincerely hope they will succeed, as, in addition to Elise Craven's winsome daintiness, Cora Goffin has a marvellously taking elocutionary method which is quite rare and distinctive. She has recently been doing much excellent dramatic work for Pathé Frères.

* * *

Which reminds me! What wonderful strides in the right direction Pathés and the best firms are accomplishing. It is now no longer fashionable, even among the "culchawed," to abuse the cinemas. They have by sheer merit outlived organised prejudice, and are here to stay for the national well-being.

* * *

Looked in at the Savoy the other night to get my own impression of "The Winter's Tale." Mr. Granville Barker is suffering from a severe "ART" attack forgive me!. The whole production is just a well-acted kaleidoscopic nightmare; and don't you believe the programmes and placards if they attempt to attribute it to one Shakespeare.

* * *

All the spirit of Shakespeare has been effectively Barkerised and pulverised out of this particular "Tale" and left us a nameless, bizarre anachronism which the twentieth century shade of the Immortal Bard disowns in its entirety, leaving the whole dread responsibility with Mr. Barker. By sacrificing the beautiful and sympathetic to the riotous and eccentric in art he has qualified as the Post-Impressionist of the Stage!

* * *

Mr. John Lawson is the latest important link in the newly-forged chain which is binding the legitimate drama and variety concerns in the closest of ties. His famous "Humanity" sketch is being rewritten in the form of a five-act play by a famous author whose name I am not at liberty to divulge at present.

It will be produced, I believe, in collaboration with Melville, the Napoleon of our stronger drama. During his recent South African tour Mr. Lawson became co-founder of a gigantic variety enterprise, the New Palladium, Johannesburg!

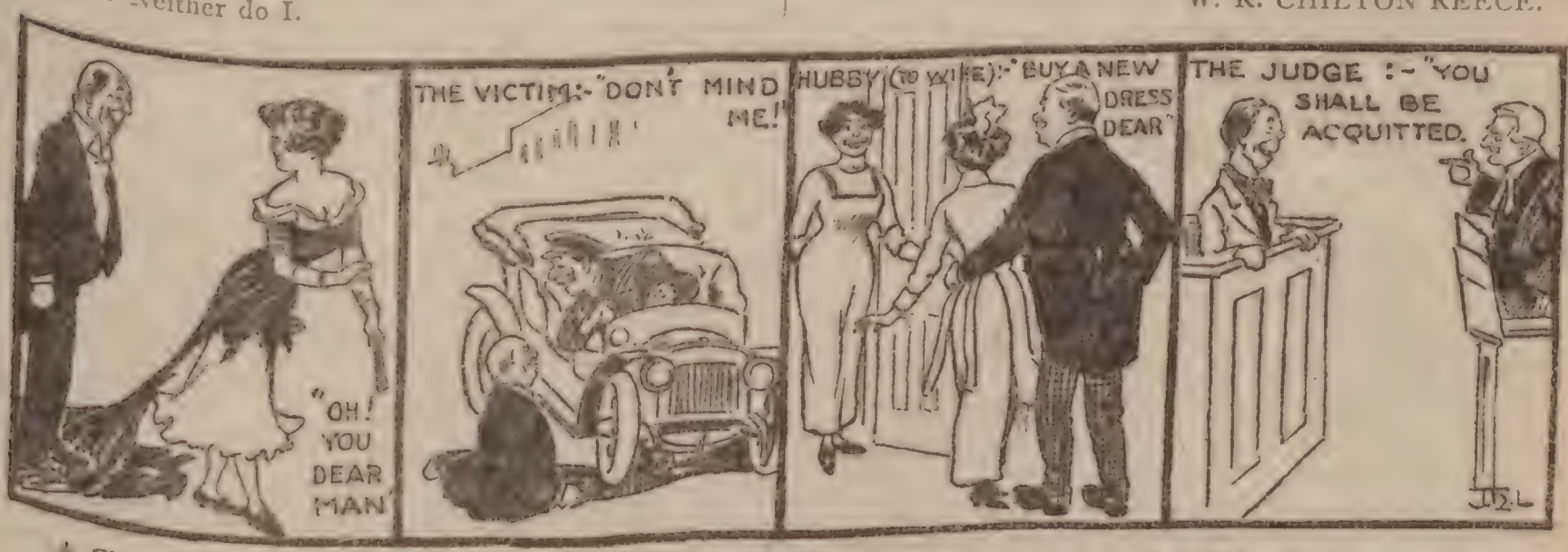
* * *

Am informed that Mr. Geo. Edwardes is down with "flue." Very sorry indeed! and sincerely hope a week or two at Brighton, which is the programme at the moment of writing, will put things square again. Mr. Edwardes is a national asset, and we shall all feel less anxious when he is back on duty.

* * *

Miss Daisy James is to be "Principal Boy" at the Lyceum this Christmas.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.



A Chelmsford lady has been left £100 for smiling at another lady as she came out of church. Further possible effects of a smile are depicted above.

THE TOTTENHAM CRISIS.

How Further Trouble May be Avoided.

How great a bearing finance has on sport could not possibly be better demonstrated than by the recent ballot of the "Spurs'" shareholders to decide whether the present directors should continue to rule the destinies of the club or whether the number should be increased to seven by adding two more competent men to the board.

Personal Opinion and Capital.

By a majority of two, the actual shareholders said that it was necessary that the number should be increased as suggested; and, what is more, practically gave the existing directors the notice to quit that they invited; but personal opinion counts for little against weight of capital, and because those who voted in favour of the directors hold more shares and have a bigger financial interest, they gain the day. Could anything be more ridiculous?

And what does it amount to? Simply that after all the haggling and personalities which have been indulged in, and time that has been wasted, things will go on exactly as before. It was all very nice and thrilling to witness the reconciliation between Mr. Deacock and his former colleagues after the result of the "poll," but there is not a great deal of satisfaction in it, seeing that quite recently those same colleagues were boasting that they had got along for six months without the assistance of Mr. Deacock.

No Guaranteed Improvement.

Possibly the threat that if the vote went against them they would resign in a body influenced the bigger shareholders to vote in favour of the present directorate, and so smooth the matter over rather than run the risk of further disorganising things, but surely it would have been as well to have made a clean sweep and have done with it.

It would no doubt have occasioned some inconvenience for a time, but it would not have been a very difficult matter to have got together a few really competent men to carry on the club.

As matters stand now, no one has any guarantee that things will improve, for no matter how much money the board has at command, it will not make them competent to discriminate between players.

Had they done as they should have done long ago, that is, engaged the services of an expert adviser, all the recent unpleasantness might have been avoided, and the team would undoubtedly have given a great deal more satisfaction.

But no! They prefer to go on in their own haphazard way, and even though matters have been squared up a bit, it does not say that the friction will not recur, as in my opinion it most certainly will do if things do not improve. It must not be forgotten that the root of the trouble still exists, but it can be swept away if only the directors will adopt a reasonable attitude, and engage the expert manager that is so badly needed.

Way to Regain Confidence.

This has been urged upon them by not only men who have every reason to have the interests of the club at heart, but the Press in general, to which they have reason to be more than grateful, and it is to be hoped that they will now adopt this course, by doing which they will not only show that they mean business, but will go a long way towards regaining the confidence of their erstwhile supporters. In conclusion, I would say that now they are going to stop, let us hope that there will be no further trouble either with the directors, or those who should do all in their power to support them.

Appended are the customary selections:

Home Teams:—Aston Villa, Manchester United, Bolton Wanderers, Clapton Orient, Preston North End, Swindon.

Away Teams:—Manchester City, Barnsley, Fulham, Millwall, Northampton.

Possible Draws:—Bradford City and Sunderland, Oldham and Everton, Wolverhampton and Bradford, Watford and Southampton.

MY NOTE BOOK.

£250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECAST.

It can safely be said that the majority of our readers evince a keen interest in [illegible] ball, and I feel sure they will be pleased with the opportunity we are affording them of testing their skill in forecasting the results of a number of matches.

As will be seen by the notice on page 1498, £250 will be awarded to the reader furnishing a correct forecast of the results of games mentioned in the entry form. In the event of no reader succeeding in doing this, £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose list is the most nearly correct. Read the particulars and begin now.

* * *

The demand for the *Modern Man* complete shaving set and the fountain pen is greater than ever, but, as I mentioned last week, no effort will be spared to execute *all orders daily.*

* * *

LIVERPOOL READER AND CORSETS.

"I have been much interested in your references in your last two numbers to male corset wearing," writes "G.L." (Liverpool), "and, being a wearer, like 'E.S.B.,' should like to give my views.

"I have worn corsets now since just after leaving school, or for nine years, and would as soon think of dressing without them as without a shirt. I never suffer from indigestion, and the splendid braced-up feeling given by a pair of well-fitting corsets, once tried, would bring many recruits to male corset wearers. My usual measurement is 22 inches. I do a great deal of cycling and walking, and when so doing am never larger round the waist than this. I cannot advocate *regular* tight lacing, though to lace oneself in as tight as is possible gives an exquisite bracing effect for the time.

"It always seems to me that the body round the waist needs both warmth and support, there being no bones there. As for the charge of effeminacy, this can easily be over-ruled by referring such scoffers to the victors of Crecy and Agincourt—Raleigh and his compatriots, and officers and men in our army and navy of to-day. Far from being effeminate it greatly adds to one's carriage and bearing, and men were the first to introduce this garment into England—as were they high heels, by the way."

* * *

THE VALUE OF CONSCRIPTION.

"I was pleased to see your article on 'Compulsory Military Training,'" writes "H.J." (Reading). "Many Englishmen have an instinctive horror of conscription, a latent feeling that those liberties given them by the Great Charter would be encroached upon if such a thing were to come to pass. But, if we take history as a guidance we find that during times of trouble in our country's story, impressed service of some kind or other has been instituted, and, although in most cases against the wish of the people in general, it was for the good of the nation. . . .

"Nothing is so peace-preserving as a large and efficient army and navy. Some object to conscription on the grounds that it would stand in the way of business progress, but Germany, who has this system in vogue, is universally recognised as a great commercial nation.

"Again, taking into consideration the stamina of the populace, it is certain that such a training would do much to improve it, and a course of drilling produce a well set-up race. . . . Englishmen should not neglect their duty to their country in their desire for freedom, for to preserve their liberties they must be a nation strong in arms."

* * *

GARDEN CITY SCANDALS.

Writing from Brentham Garden Suburb, Ealing, a correspondent, who describes himself as a resident of some years' standing, says: "Your article in the issue dated 26th, on 'Garden City Scandals,' is very true—every word of it. I am glad you are helping the tenants in a very uphill fight against the so-called Committee, as they are afraid of nothing so much as publicity."

* * *

Pressure on space prevents me from dealing with other letters received from correspondents, but these will be referred to next week.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 16: SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Of Irish parentage, Sir Thomas Lipton first saw the light in Glasgow sixty-two years ago, and as a boy he showed much initiative and determination. There was nothing dilatory about him. He early recognised the necessity of grasping opportunities, and never put off till the morrow what could be done at once.

As a youngster he went to sea, and how this led to big things must be well known to most of *Modern Man* readers.

To-day "Who's Who" records of him as follows: Lipton, Sir Thomas Johnstone, 1st Bt. cr. 1902; cr. Kt. 1898; K.C.V.O. cr. 1901; Chairman of Lipton, Ltd.,; Grand Officer of Crown of Italy; Hon. Colonel 6th Volunteer Battn. Highland Infantry; one of H.M.'s Lieuts. City of London; owns tea and rubber estates in Ceylon; owner of Yachts Erin and Shamrock; born Glasgow, of Irish parentage, 1850; Recreations, yachting and motoring; Address, Osidge, Southgate, Middlesex; City Road, E.C.; Clubs, Marlborough, Royal Automobile, Aero, Pilgrims, Royal Ulster, Royal Irish, Royal Clyde, Royal Cork, Royal London, Royal Temple, Royal Northern, Royal Cinque Ports, Royal Gourock, Royal Thames, Royal Southampton, Bristol Channel, Royal Dorset and New York Yacht.

Sir Thomas still has hopes of bringing back the cup from the other side of the herring pond, and we wish him every luck. *Modern Man* would be pleased to see him do it. If space permitted many amusing stories could be told of Sir Thomas, but these will have to be reserved for another time. He has also had a number of exciting adventures. Not so very long ago a madman attacked him with a razor at his Middlesex home, but by strategy he fortunately managed to escape injury.

Shy Bachelors and Pretty Girls.

There is no doubt that the married man can give the bachelor a good start and beat him when it comes to a question of charming the opposite sex. Putting aside the annals of romance and tragedy it does not need very great powers of observation to see instances of it in everyday life.

Guarding Against Tactless Blunders.

At an evening party who is it manages to get the prettiest girls around him? Why, the married man, of course, because he is not troubled by shyness! And at a picnic, who is most in request? Again, the married man, if only because he knows how to lay a cloth, and thinks nothing of luncheon baskets after carrying the baby.

Perhaps an explanation of the popularity of the married man over bachelors is because in studying to please one woman he has learnt to understand many little points which all women have in common, but which are none the less bewildering to the bachelor.

Love-lorn Romeo puts his foot in it with Juliet in a hundred ways which experience has taught the married man to avoid. He does not make those tactless blunders in dealing with femininity which cause Juliet to feel something like despair in contemplating Romeo as her possible partner through life.

The Feared Breach of Promise.

Of course, the married man is not handicapped in ways like the bachelor. For instance, the mistletoe has no terrors for him, and he can add to the general hilarity by kissing all the most charming maidens in turn, conscious that none of them can call him to account even if they wished to do so.

The unfortunate bachelor who sees a breach of promise case in every berry is denied this method of making himself agreeable, and in any case what is tolerated in the married man would only give him the reputation of being a flirt.

But it is when the bachelor falls in love that he feels most bitterly his lack of charm compared to the married man. Whilst he is casting about in his mind for some pleasant phrases the married man is rattling off a stream of fluent compliments.

No Need for Despair.

The fact that these compliments are very well worn and that most women take them for what they are worth does not generally strike the bachelor, who only envies the art of pleasing he finds so difficult to acquire. He need not despair, however. In the end, Juliet will take pity on him, and a few years of married life will be sufficient to put him on the same plane.

Concerning Selfishness.

Writing on the subject, "Are Men More Selfish than Women?" a lady reader sends the following: "As regards Englishmen the answer is invariably "Yes," but whilst fully concurring with the verdict I should like to add this rider—"through no fault of their own."

From his infancy the average man is made to feel his own importance.

"A son and heir," or even a younger son, is a far more exalted personage than a mere girl can ever be. In the nursery he reigns supreme, and all the servants, from the nurse downwards, unite in their efforts to spoil him.

Small, worshipping sisters are deputed to "fag" for him, and if permitted to join his games do so on the strict understanding that they obey him implicitly "because I'm a boy and you are only girls."

Parents, however just, usually idolise their sons, and, if the income is small, every possible economy is practised by the mother and sisters so that "the boys" may have the very best education and a thoroughly good start in life.

The Spoiling System.

"I should so like Marjorie to have a season in town," said a friend of mine the other day, "but, of course, all the time Frank is at College we can't think of it."

And Marjorie accepts this as the most natural thing in the world. She would be the last person to object to it—indeed, sisters are quite some of the worst offenders in this universal spoiling system.

A public school life certainly reduces a boy's self-esteem, but this quickly re-asserts itself when he leaves, and 'Varsity life, especially at Oxford, fosters it to an amazing extent.

In his own particular set, be what it may, he is always sought after and flattered. His sex is so much in the minority that his very scarceness is a recommendation to him, even if he possesses no other.

Who can avoid being selfish under these conditions? It is beyond the power of any ordinary mortal. Of course, there are exceptions; but these are very rare and invariably the result of unsual circumstances, such as an extremely selfish mother and family generally.

Too Much to Expect.

That men are capable of acts of self-abnegation in times of stress has been abundantly proved. They will make one great sacrifice, but to women's lot falls that necessity for forbearance and "doing without."

It is as unreasonable to expect men to be really unselfish as to ask an untrained person to play a difficult instrument, they have never learnt, or rather they have been taught just the opposite.

"My dear boy, your promises are like pie-crusts—easily broken."
"You wouldn't say that if you'd tasted my wife's pies."

Cowards!

Some results of a Paris newspaper referendum on the question, "Why I am a Bachelor":—

A City Man: "Love-making takes too much time. There's more durable happiness in making money."

A Shopkeeper: "My mother spoiled me. I should never get the same attention from another woman."

A Salesman: "A man who consents to feed and cloth another man's daughter all her life must be mad—or madly in love."

A Doctor: "I meet so many unhappy couples that I am afraid of sharing their fate."

A Professor: "I can neither work nor think in the society of chattering women."

An Architect: "Women only want your money and a home. I have no intention of playing a fool's part."

An Electrician: "Girls always grow to be like their mothers, and I've never seen a mother-in-law to my taste."

CROOKS AND THEIR LURE.

Advertising Sharks' Unhappy Victims.

The numerous cases which have come before the courts recently, of bogus "business men" who have induced people to "invest" money in imaginary concerns, prompt us to show a similar, but actually more ingenious, fraudulent method by which a certain type of swindler is wont to feather his nest. It is through the "Situations Vacant" columns of the papers that these crooks extend their lure; this is the kind of advertisement that is inserted.

"Wanted, by prosperous company, gentlemen (Public School or 'Varsity training preferred, but not actually essential) to act as secretary. Salary to start, £300 per annum. No premium or guarantee. Apply, etc. . ."

Hundreds Attracted.

Naturally this alluring advertisement has the effect of attracting hundreds of men of different types, but with one common characteristic—a desire to make money easily and without outlay. Some are youngsters who have been sent to a public school or a University by parents who had to pinch themselves in order to do it, and who subsequently were unable to keep their son in idleness; others are well-connected wasters, who have been drained dry by the "touting" fraternity; and practically all are people who could in the event of actual necessity, screw varying amounts of money out of their relations or friends.

All of them are particularly attracted by the fact that no premium or guarantee is stipulated; for these are customarily asked for by a company engaging a secretary to do responsible work for a good salary. So that the offices of the advertising shark are besieged by an army of applicants of the type already described.

Disappointed at the Interview.

Each one is, of course, seen separately in an imposing "sanctum," by an individual turned out equally impos-ingly. The latter informs the applicant, with a well-selected combination of urbanity and business-like brusque-ness which cleverly suggests financial solidity, that the company is floating a new venture, and is making an issue of shares to the public at such-and-such a sum, £1 or more, a piece. The qualification for the coveted secretaryship is the placing of, say, 200 fully-paid shares in the new enter-prise.

In other words, the lure of one single job is made to set perhaps some hundreds of applicants feverishly working to replenish the "firm's" coffers. Each of the unfortunate dupes goes away, disheartened certainly, but not despairing, and wondering how on earth he is going to place those shares.

They simply canvass their relations and their more intimate friends, whom they induce to take up small lots of shares, explaining that in so doing these relations and friends will be doing them a good turn by securing the post for them. Not one of them, is, of course, aware that numbers of other applicants are doing the same thing.

Found to be Bogus.

Thus it is that the sharks prosper apace; but when the "stock" is all sold is the time of the applicants' cruel deception. Blandly the "employer" again interviews each victim in turn. He is sorry—very sorry—but it is not his fault. Mr. So-and-So (some entirely fictitious personage), the actual head of the firm, has, unknown to him, already engaged a secretary. He regrets exceedingly that the other should have had so much trouble in placing the shares; but he assures him that if he personally bought any for himself, he will have reason to rejoice, for they will shortly reach an enormous premium.

But they do not. In a day or two the bubble bursts, the concern is found to be bogus throughout—but this is not before the promoter—there is generally only one—has placed himself in a place of complete security, beyond the possibility of discovery. Scores of poor people who have risked their all to give their sons a good start in life, are ruined, others for ever impute deliberate rascality to the friend whom they wished to help; and not a few of the dupes enlist, or commit suicide, as a result of their misery and disgrace.

A DAMNABLE SYSTEM.

Hire Purchase Outrages.

There is perhaps no greater social evil rampant at the present time than the "hire purchase" furnishing system—and this is not the first time that *Modern Man* has drawn attention to it. But the numerous recent cases in which poor people have been deprived of their homes simply because they owed arrears amounting to a few shillings, have furnished us with an undeniable motive for a determined onslaught against the iniquitous system of "hire purchase."

Everybody who possesses the very smallest degree of common-sense must realise that "hire purchase" furnishing firms flourish amain all over the country. There are not only huge "instalment" concerns in Oxford Street and elsewhere, but in every town (and we might say in every village) there are countless small establishments where a man of the most limited earning capacity may obtain for an outlay of as little as 10s. or so, sufficient furniture to start a modest home.

Delivering the Goods.

The usual terms are 10 per cent. of the "value" of the goods down and about 2s. 6d. per week until the amount is paid. Well, the average working man and his wife are content to live in two or three rooms, which they can furnish entirely at an outlay of about £12 or so. All they have to do is to pay down £1 4s. (ten per cent. of the entire amount), whereupon the furniture is delivered.

The purchasers sign an agreement to pay half-a-crown or so weekly until the £12 odd is fully paid, and also an engagement that the furniture remains the property of the furnishing firm until the last instalment is paid. Further, that if the hirer should find himself "in arrears" the company can take the goods back. It seems at first sight a very simple, almost equitable arrangement—but a little thought will be sufficient to make the underlying evils abundantly clear.

In the first place, who are the people, or rather, what is the type of person whom these "hire furnishing" firms seek to enlist as customers? Obviously those who cannot afford to pay cash down for sufficient furniture for their homes.

Well and good—or rather, ill and badly. These people are, consequently and obviously, not in a position, financially, to start house-keeping. Therefore we contend without the slightest fear of denial that this system, which gives "men of straw" the opportunity of starting so-called homes with no financial substance, simply sets a premium on ruining countless thousands of young and inexperienced men and women. It is all very well so long as the man can manage to pay the weekly half-crown or so for the "rent" (that is the usual term) of the furniture. But it is almost invariably the case with such people as this that the hirer's source of income is a "casual" or precarious one. Perhaps he is a traveller on commission, with varying earnings every week, or else a piece-worker in some factory. Well, then, the time is bound to come when the weekly "rent" cannot be found. And here is the opportunity of the "hire purchase" shark.

Sold Over and Over Again.

He instantly reclaims his goods. These, mark you, are only worth about half of the value originally set upon them, so that when only half the instalments have been paid, the goods have actually been fully paid for. So that the furnisher, who regains his goods when 25 per cent. over and above their value has been paid, is obviously in a fair way to amassing a large fortune without trouble. We could indicate scores of "hire purchase" firms who have opened branch establishments all over the country out of the profits which they have amassed by selling sets of furniture over and over again to hundreds of people.

A case recently came before the public notice of a retired soldier, a pensioner with an honourable record, who agreed to pay between £12 and £13 for some furniture. During the course of over two years he paid by instalments all but 5s of the entire amount, and then fell into arrears by reason of being out of work. The company entered his dwelling during his absence in search of work, and took his wife's home away, leaving him destitute.

Modern Man has no hesitation in denouncing this system as an inhuman and iniquitous one. And we shall leave no stone unturned until these "hire purchase" sharks have been rendered powerless by stern legislation.

NOWHERE TO LIVE.

"The Colonies are Bleeding us too Freely."

In a recent issue of *Modern Man* we wrote as follows:—

"We have an object in so frequently bringing before our readers the subject of the plenitude of humanly inhabited pig-sties, and the paucity of decent dwellings for our peasantry and our poor generally. We want to prepare them for a startling suggestion of our own for remedying this evil from one end of the land to the other, which we shall publish as soon as we think the proper moment has arrived. It will be received with a howl. 'Shocking!' from many quarters, and we shall need—if we are to get even a hearing—the support of just such level-headed, broad-minded men as *Modern Man* alone appeals to, or cares to appeal to."

Let that paragraph serve as sufficient preface to all we have now to say.

Driven from Country.

In none of its terminological variants does the phrase "Housing Scandal" call for any definition. The thing the expression stands for is known of all men—so well that the picture at which we must first glance is a familiar one.

The "slums problem" of our cities and great towns, and the "rural housing difficulty" of the provinces are two aspects of one subject. Although the relations between the two questions are not those of cause and effect, the association between them is so intimate that a severance of one from the other is in debate unprofitable and in fact impossible. People are driven from country to town because in the former they have "nowhere to live."

Their presence in the latter aggravating the slums evil, this has become intolerable. Health returns, mortality returns, and criminal returns are the barometer by which its effects are infallibly measurable. Appalled by the overcrowding of court and alley, "Back to the land" cry would-be reformers in all the great congested areas of population. But how can the houseless land receive again the surplus its own houselessness expelled? Its resources are in some places positively, and everywhere relatively, less than ever; for though cottages tumble to pieces and are not replaced; children are born and dragged up somewhere. The stream of exodus from rural to urban districts is ceaseless and on the rise.

Striking Emigration Statistics.

Turning a despairing gaze on both city slums and countryside piggeries, and realising that outside each there are thousands without any dwellings at all, "Get out of England altogether!" is the solution of the Emigrationist. Now emigration up to a certain point is a remedy; but, that point reached and exceeded, it simply means the lessening of one evil by the substitution of another.

That point has been reached and exceeded. Until emigrants have a habit of coming back again; and as regards the fit, we say deliberately and emphatically that we are sending out of the country more bone and brawn and muscle than the country can spare.

The official emigration statistics justify and corroborate this contention. In the one month of this last August alone 38,727 people left their homes on these shores to make homes abroad—or to try to. From the beginning of April to the end of August emigrants totalled 208,842.

Comparative figures for the first eight months of this year and a corresponding period last year show that the scramble to Australia went up 50 per cent., and to New Zealand 100 per cent.

Naturally enough, immigration agencies are on the look-out for our strongest and our best—the very men and—in fewer numbers—the very women we never ourselves so badly wanted as to-day. It may be an unpopular cry to raise, but for that we do not care one tittle, when we assert that the Colonies are bleeding us too freely. We are in danger of national anæmia.

New Conditions Needed.

In pleading for the abolition of existing abuses, the reformation of existing customs, the establishment of new conditions, for the betterment of the lot and lives of the peasantry and the labouring rural classes generally, by destructive means on one hand and constructive means on the other, we do not seek to dam but we do seek to check the outflowing flood.

(To be continued.)

WASTED MILLIONS.

How the Public are Robbed.

The attention drawn last week to shameless extortions by public officials has brought to hand more staggering facts of the tremendous number of ways in which the public can be made to pay heavily for waste and extravagance.

Royal Commission Buildings.

The amounts now expended in rent for office accommodation for Royal Commission inquiries would reach, if capitalised, the colossal figure of £1,500,000—equal to the cost of building the huge County Hall for the L.C.C. Why is this? The reason is simple. To-day, the offices of the various commissions are to be found scattered all over central London.

Each have their separate clerical staff, each pays rent for offices that the commissioners rarely use, save when they meet in council. With one building of moderate dimensions, all the Royal Commissions could be cheaply housed and efficiently staffed. Over a million pounds would be saved to the ratepayers, and the work could be done just as well.

Cottages for Workmen.

Not long ago the Office of Works put up some cottages for workmen, porters, and mechanics, engaged at Windsor Castle. The ordinary builder can complete excellent cottages for labourers at £250 a piece—an outside estimate. These cost the Office of Works £950 and £620 each!

To-day, the Government are laying the foundations for a huge building on the other side of the water for "H.M. Stationery Office." It will constitute, when erected, a great monument to the waste of officialdom. It will be stocked largely with absolutely useless documents, nine-tenths of which will never be read.

To-day, the Government are spending over a million per annum in printing public documents, blue books, reports of committees, tables of statistics, etc.

They are sent free to every M.P., who, as a rule, promptly pitches them away, before the accumulation chokes up his residence.

The Worst Offender.

So far as local bodies are concerned, the movement towards checking extravagance has been to some extent successful. But it has not begun to take effect upon any of the branches of the Civil Service, except perhaps the Local Government Board.

The War Office is notoriously the worst offender. Here not only waste, but irregularities are frequent. In 1907, the Public Accounts Committee had before them the case of an Engineers Officer, who squared his accounts by transferring items from one account to another.

The Committee strongly denounced this conduct, and warning circulars were issued against its repetition. But it made little difference.

A year or two later the Committee discovered a worse case.

A Quarter-Master had signed a certificate vouching for clothing that he had never received!

Amazing Discovery.

How perfunctory is the present "control" by the Commons of finance is shown by the fact that only this year the newly appointed Estimates Committee discovered that the Office of Works had accumulated £60,000 out of moneys voted them on a certain sub-head by the House, who year after year, had been bestowing on the officials in question some thousands more than they actually wanted for the purpose specified.

The fact that other sub-heads showed a deficit corresponding to this surplus made the matter all the more unsatisfactory.

Demanding Proper Examination.

The time to strike is now. M.P.'s should be given to understand that their constituents insist on a proper examination of the estimates by the House of Commons, even if that involves the sacrifice of some of the many ambitious legislative proposals that now divert its attention.

NEWS AND HUMOUR.

From Here and There.

Quite recently a correspondent has drawn our attention to the large number of people who make decorating the walls of their rooms their hobby. There is a gentleman living in Gloucestershire who has decorated the walls of one of his rooms with upwards of 50,000 postage stamps. All the stamps are blended together in proper shades. The angles of the walls of the windows, doorway and fireplace are papered with silver bands.

* * *

A literary agent has been summoned for converting to his own use £50 given him for the initial expenses of publishing a novel called "While the Music Lasts." Evidently it didn't last very long.

* * *

Bagley: I say, Brown, there's been a railway accident down below here, and your mother-in-law, who was on the train, is buried in the débris.

"How deep?"

* * *

While Police-Sergeant Clapp, of 64, Cassland Road, Hackney, N.E., was on duty his house was broken into and his medals, among other things, were stolen.

After this piece of impudence, the ruse of keeping a constable's helmet hung outside the door to frighten tramps is useless.

* * *

It is surprising how ignorant many people are as to the birthplace of some famous man or woman of whom they are admirers. Many are admirers of certain poets, yet are unable to say where he or she was born! How many Tories can tell without search where Beaconsfield was born, or Liberals where Gladstone's birth took place? Ask admirers of Hall Caine whether this famous author was born at Runcorn, St. Helens, or Liverpool? Probably not one in a score knows. Do you?

OVER THE ROPES.

What Boxers are Doing.

As anticipated, Digger Stanley had no difficulty in retaining his hold on the Bantam-weight Championship, and easily outpointed Alex. Lafferty, at the National Sporting Club. He did not appear to be at the top of his usual brilliant form, but perhaps he was content to take it easy and win by a fair margin of points.

Stanley is not getting any younger, and it cannot be very long now before his active ring career is brought to a close, but it will take a very good boy to beat him, and he feels quite confident of making that Bantam-weight Belt his own property.

* * *

Bombardier Wells visited the National Sporting Club to get a line on the form of two of his prospective challengers, Bill Chase and Tom Cowler.

If Billy had any qualms as to the safety of his championship, they were quickly dispelled, and he now wonders where his next opponent will be found. Wells is beginning to feel disgusted with the home crop of "heavies" and will soon make tracks for the land of the almighty dollar.

* * *

Matt. Wells is getting fit for his contest with Freddie Welsh on November 11th, and is located at the "Black Ball," Wheatstone, where everything and everyone is "merry and bright." Freddie Welsh is training at Pontypridd, and is assisted by most of the boxing stars from Jim Driscoll's camp. Welsh is looking very fit, and feels quite confident of regaining the light-weight belt.

* * *

The annual Army and Navy Championships are generally productive of some good sport, with plenty of vigour behind the wallops. These competitions are due to take place at Aldershot on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, and Billy Wells wonders what sort of a heavy-weight will come out on top.

THESE ARE NOT "NEW RAPID" MEN.

They are relics of the "old slow" system of business; and they have been inexorably shouldered from the Path of Progress that leads to success, by the students of the "New Rapid" method of High-Speed Shorthand tuition.

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Mr. Ernest W. Reed, of 17, Shirlock Road, Hampstead, writes:—"After only five weeks' study under your direction, I was offered 34 appointments, including that of Official Shorthand Writer to the Great Northern Railway Company, on the trains running between King's Cross and Scotland.

Mr. H. A. Lintott, of 70, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N., states:—"After less than five weeks' 'New Rapid' tuition, I have reached a speed of 80 to 90 words per minute, and immediately obtained an excellent position as Shorthand Correspondent with Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Limited, of Norwich, at a considerable increase of salary."

Mr. Herbert V. Richard, of 26, College Street, Camden Town, N.W., says:—"I first joined your postal classes, and after about seven weeks' attendance at your Special Speed Classes, I could write 160 words per minute quite easily. Thus equipped, I had no difficulty in securing a splendid appointment as Secretary with a London Solicitor, and Member of Parliament."

MORAL:—There are two roads in life—one leading to a seat on the Board of Directors, and the other to a seat—on the Embankment.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Floor Exercises.

There are many useful exercises to be performed lying on the floor, these being particularly good for development of the abdominal and leg muscles.

The one I illustrate this week is performed as follows:—

Lying flat on back, draw up both knees slowly and simultaneously, pressing them upwards towards the chest as far as possible. Do this, say, eight times, being careful to keep the arms extended and hands close to the sides.

This exercise may be usefully varied by raising only one leg at a time, or instead of bending the legs to raise them until they are at right angles to the body.

Here is another good floor exercise: Lie on back, hands at sides and slowly rise to a sitting position, being particularly careful that the heels do not leave the floor at any time during the movement. Reversing the position, turn on your face, hands on floor beside the shoulders, and press slowly upwards until the arms are straight and the body also straight from knees to head.

A variation of this exercise is found in arching the body as you press upwards so that when the arms are straight the knees are clear of the ground.

Improve Your Balance.

Here is a good exercise for improving your balance, rather an important matter now that the dancing season is at hand.

Stand on the right foot, with arms extended in a line with the shoulders, hands open and the left leg raised sideways and about a foot to eighteen inches from the ground.

Then slowly rise on toes of right foot, getting the foot as upright as possible, lower, and repeat, say, six times. Then change on to the left foot.

For Dancers.

Another good exercise for dancing men is performed as follows:—

Standing in the position of "attention" slowly twist the right foot found until it is at right angles to the left heel. Return and repeat, say, six times, then perform the same movement with the left foot.

This is a useful little exercise for getting you into that habit of turning out the toes (and knees) which is so essential to good and graceful dancing.

Winded.

"Winding" is a very common (and painful) mishap at "footer." When a man is "winded" keep him lying down, and rub his stomach. Sounds simple enough, but it is not everyone that knows how to rub a winded man's "little Mary." Rub briskly, but don't press very hard, or you will do more harm than good.

Rub up the right hand side and across the diaphragm or pit of the stomach from right to left, then down the left-hand side, across from left to right and up again.

A Man's Puddings.

The ardent athlete is sometimes troubled in his conscience over the matter of puddings or "sweets." He is apt to regard them all as pernicious. This is a mistake.

Puddings help to vary the diet, and some of them are distinctly beneficial to a man who is anxious to keep "fit."

One of the most wholesome of puddings is suet dumpling with golden syrup.

Fig pudding is a fine system cleanser, and so, too, are stewed prunes and rice.

A baked or roast apple is another natural medicine which takes a lot of beating, while blackberry tart is not only wholesome but delicious. Pastry, however, should be taken in strict moderation, though I don't believe in cutting it out altogether, provided it is well made.

The indigestibility of plum pudding is much exaggerated. It is usually indigestible because it is forced upon an already overloaded stomach.

Answers to Correspondents.

C.A. (West Brompton).—Your chest measurement is certainly not what it should be in view of the exercise you take.

Perhaps you do not practice deep breathing, or only occasionally. There is no finer exercise for your chest development than deep-breathing, and as I am pretty sure you do not [illegible] it, let me urge you to do so at all times.

R.B. (Dundee).—As much outdoor exercise as you can, cold tub every morning, sleep on horse-hair mattress, and with no more bed-clothes than necessary for warmth. Avoid alcohol, tobacco, rich foods, and sauces. Eat plentifully of fruit and vegetables. If the condition continues you must consult a doctor.

J.R. (Leamington).—You can get expander cords from Gamage or any athletic outfitter. I forget for the moment what they cost, but they are quite inexpensive. Thanks for good wishes.

AILSA CRAIG (Glasgow).—My dear sir, I really don't see what you have to worry about. If I may say so, you are a fairly developed man and apparently in the pink of health.

What does an inch or two on your waistband matter? Personally I don't think your waist measurement excessive in view of your development. As you do abdominal exercises, probably a good deal of your waist is muscle, not fat. So long as you feel fit, I shouldn't worry.

I might criticise your diet on the ground that it is rich in fat-formers, but so long as you feel strong and well I shouldn't alter it, though I don't think I should take soup every day.

J.P.C. (Newport).—I don't think there is anything seriously the matter, and quite probably it will right itself. Of course, you must avoid undue fatigue or undue strains.

If you are not already a cyclist, *moderate* cycling would do you good.

"MEDICO" (Belfast.)—You should spend your limited spare time in the open air.

There is no better exercise for general health than walking, provided you like it, and do not regard it as a "grind."

Apparently you would not have time to train properly for Rugby, so if you don't like walking I should recommend you to cultivate an outdoor hobby, such as geology, botany, gardening.

How about golf?

Ten minutes' physical exercising night and morning will do you good.

The best exercises for you in view of your sedentary life are hopping, skipping, bending, stooping and stretching movements.

A man like you should not waste time developing abnormal biceps, etc.

C.T.H. (Wandsworth.)—Boils and pimples are due to an unhealthy condition of the blood, so that while applying local remedies the main thing is to get yourself "fit."

Take plenty of outdoor exercise, preferably sharp walking. Eat freely of fresh fruit and vegetables, particularly apples, oranges, stewed prunes, dates, onions, carrots, spinach.

Avoid alcohol, tobacco, rich foods. "Tub" in cold water if you can stand it.

To the boil apply Boracic Acid fomentation made by soaking Boracic Lint (to be obtained from any chemist) in hot water and then wringing out.

THE SECRET

of Physical Culture success is strong Will-Power. **All experts are agreed upon this point.** "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Also enormously increases your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance and Personal Magnetism. **Only a few minutes daily required.** The exercises are easily carried out, contain no crankiness and require no apparatus. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d extra). **This is your total expenditure.** The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.
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AWHEEL!

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

How to Carry Spare Tubes.

Although repairing a puncture should not, as a rule, take longer than fifteen to twenty minutes to complete the whole operation, it is quicker and more satisfactory, especially in bad weather (assuming butt-ended tubes are used) to slip in the spare tube, repairing the punctured one at your leisure.

This sounds very easy, but the fly in the ointment is very often the fact that long immunity from a puncture necessitating a change of tubes has made one careless as regards the spare, and when circumstances arise that call for its use, it is found that it has either been chafed or kept in contact with greasy or sharp tools, so that it is worse than useless.

An extremely neat idea for to carry two spare tubes is as follows:—First procure from any hosier's a cheap, round, papier maché collar box, in the side bore two small holes just large enough for the valve to pass through. The two tubes should then be carefully coiled up inside and the valves passed through the holes, the lid of the box should then be strapped down. Next, and most important, partially inflate the tubes.

By this method they are protected from dust, rain and grease, cannot chafe, are known to be perfectly air-tight, and can be carried thus for months until wanted, when they will be found to be as serviceable as the day they were bought.

One precaution only is necessary—see that when placing the tubes in the box that they are coiled, and not folded, thus preventing any possible chance of being nipped.

Educating Novices.

It is a curious fact that although "schools of motoring" good, bad and indifferent, abound everywhere, there appears to be a total lack of such a school for the motor cyclist.

An institution where, for a moderate fee, a rider could gain a practical working knowledge of his mount would be an instant success, and I have often wondered why some of the leading manufacturers do not start such a school; even if the fees charged were so low that the school was barely self-supporting they would be well repaid by the increased sales, for hundreds of would-be cyclists still cling to the idea that to ride and manage a motor-bike one has to be something of a cross between an engineer and a trick cyclist.

Half a dozen practical lectures would soon dispel this idea, and many new machines would escape being damaged in the first week of their life by inexperienced riders.

Bracing Winter Cycling.

Now that the cold weather is upon us, cyclists should wear mittens in preference to gloves. Mittens which have one stall for the thumb and one for the four fingers protect the hands from cold better than gloves, in which the fingers are separated.

If a cyclist sets out properly equipped, he will be surprised at the enormous energy that he has in the winter. He will, if he is not accustomed to do much in the matter of speed, probably astonish himself with his own powers of endurance.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Wehner, 5-h.p., with side car; just overhauled; in perfect running order. £20; bargain.—Motor Box 65, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Rex, 4-h.p.; free engine; Bosch; spares. £24, or nearest offer.—Motor Box 66, "Modern Man" (as above.)

Enfield, 6-h.p.; good running order. £70.—Motor Box 67, "Modern Man" (as above).

CYCLES.

Rover, £11 11s., three-speed, 26 in.; good condition. £4, or offers.—Smith, Station, Rayleigh.

Royal Enfield, Gent.'s Roadster; strong and reliable; exchange for Gramophone. Cycle Box 30, "Modern Man" (as above).

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Quieter conditions prevailed generally throughout markets during the last week.

* * *

Although at the earlier part of the week there was a substantial recovery from the worst, there has naturally been the usual profit-taking by speculators who bought low down.

* * *

To-day brings us to the end of the long nineteen day account, which for once in a way has been a blessing to many who were hit hard during the recent collapse; it has given them an opportunity to recover.

* * * *

Until we get some more definite news of the Balkan crisis I hardly think we can look for any great recovery in prices, but for the man who can wait the present is a rare opportunity to buy.

* * *

I do my utmost to ram home this fact to my readers, as the public invariably take the opposite course, buying when prices are high and selling when low.

* * *

It is always my very strong desire to see my readers make money instead of losing it.

* * *

As a rule it is the other way about on the Stock Exchange, for the simple reason that I have mentioned above.

* * *

If you will carefully follow my notes and seek my advice when you are not sure, I am convinced I can help you make money, or, at any rate, guard you from loss.

* * * *

Business is quiet in the Home Railway Market, although traffic returns for the last week have again been showing up well.

* * *

The traffic return on the South Eastern and Chatham line was very good, and again so in the case of Districts.

* * *

The stock in each case stands at a very attractive price, so why not help yourself to some if you have any spare money to invest.

* * *

What I said about Mexican Rails has only too surely come to pass.

* * *

Although nearly every financial paper was recommending Mexican Rails at about 62 or 63, I strongly advised my readers to have nothing to do with them.

* * *

I was convinced the collapse would come, and it has come with a vengeance, as the price last week was knocked out to 52 or 53, a 10 point drop.

* * *

I am afraid President Madero will have to retire from the picture before we shall see peace in Mexico.

* * *

There has been a good deal of selling among Oil Shares recently; the Continent was heavily interested in this market and has realised on war-scare talk.

* * *

Shell Transport, however, and Spies Petroleum are particularly cheap pick-ups at present prices.

* * *

Big schemes are in the air in connection with the Premier Oil and Pipe Line, the Imperial Petroleum, and the Galician Oil Trust. We understand Mr. E. T. Boxall is to become Chairman of the proposed combine.

* * *

There is little doing in the rubber market, but almost any kind of shares are absolutely safe to buy here, as there is no doubt whatever that prices are at bottom, and whenever serious business is doing we are certain to see a rapid rise all round.

The shares I mentioned last week are particularly [illegible] your attention, viz., Dolok Rubber Estate, Yam Seng R[illegible] Co., the Bikam Rubber Estate, the Sengat Rubber Estate and the Straits Settlement Bertam Rubber Co.

* * *

Once more the old tale is afloat that a thorough investigation should take place with regard to the Anglo-Continental Co., and the numerous gambles that have taken place in the shares.

* * *

Instead of so much talking why do not those shareholders who have been seriously hit take the matter in hand and [illegible]

* * *

The only other shares in the tin market that I feel I can still recommend readers to buy is Rayfields.

* * *

Of the others, if we get a boom the shares will rise, but the Rayfields Nigerian Co. is really a sound concern.

* * *

Little change is shown in the price of Rhodesians.

* * *

Rhodesian Land and Minerals are slightly better at about 5s., and will quickly appreciate in price as soon as there is any improvement in the market.

* * *

There has been a good deal of quiet buying of Rhodesian Central mining shares that I have so repeatedly recommended to my readers.

* * *

The price of the Rhodesian Central 10s. shares is now 11s. 6d., and as things are likely to recover in this market you should secure what you require now.

* * *

Rhodesian Centrals are a good tip for a rise to about 17s. 6d. or £1.

* * *

Among Canadian Silver Mines Casey Cobalt are still the best purchase, and readers picking up these shares at about £2 15s. a piece are certain to see £1 profit per share.

* * *

Since I spoke about Amalgamated Press Ord. last week the price has risen to £7, and I am inclined to think that they are likely to still go better.

* * *

National Steam Cars are worth picking up at about 3[illegible], but I cannot recommend Calico Printers at 11s.

* * *

Associated Cement may be worth attention at 6[illegible], but should be sold on a rise.

* * *

More gambling has been going on in the Marconi Group of Companies, but I advise my readers to leave the s[illegible] alone.

* * *

Do not forget my advice to have nothing whatever to do with bucket shops. When you want to buy shares, write me for the name of a member of the Stock Exchange.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

F. R. (Glamorgan).—You have not incurred any loss in the fluctuation in the price of Spies.

G. G. (King's Cross).—Hold on to your Districts, as we shall soon see an improvement in the Home Railway Market.

Arthur (Westcliff-on-Sea).—All rubber shares are cheap now, and those I mention in my notes are worth buying.

J. S. (Brixton).—I cannot advise you to buy Premier Oil and Pipe Line. You can do much better with Shell Transport and Spies.

A. G. (Clapham).—The capital of the Bikam Rubber Co. is £60,000, and the estimated production for the current year is 160,000 lbs. The Company is doing well, and the shares are worth buying.

S. R. (Lewes).—Buy 25 Rhodesian Central Mining at 11s. 6d., 50 Exploration Land and Mineral at about 5s., and 50 Spies Petroleum at about 22s.

A. C. (Bowes Park).—The Brazilian Traction Common Stock is worth holding, and the price is likely to rise considerably before the [illegible] settlement in November. District Ordinary are very good and dirt cheap at present price. Casey Cobalt are likely to go to 24.

G. P. (Peckham).—The Rhodesian Central Mining Company is doing well, and I can safely recommend a purchase of these shares.

W. M. (Birmingham).—Do not sell your Oil shares, especially Spies, as the Company is doing well, and as soon as the present depression has passed over prices will quickly right themselves.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU

Brief Replies to Various Questions.

H.J.E. (E.C.),—The meaning of *Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt*, which is one of the mottoes of the Royal Artillery, is "Where Right and Glory Lead." The other R.A. motto, *Ubique*, means "Everywhere." The Royal Engineers have the same mottoes as the R.A.

M.C.T. (Rayleigh, Essex).—In absence of any contract, should say you are entitled to leave on forfeiting a month's salary, but think you had better consult a solicitor.

G.C. (Stalybridge).—Oil cake is largely used as food for cattle, but we don't know the exact ingredients. Sorry.

A.L. (Lincoln).—It is a mistake to suppose that conger-eels like tainted bait. Practically the only sea fish that will take stale or tainted bait is the lobster.

P.H. (Wimbledon).—The pay of a writer in the Royal Navy ranges from 14s. to 38s. 6d. a week. Candidates must be between 18 and 23 years of age. A naval Marconi operator starts at £237 to £273 a year.

C.C. (York).—The motto of the Welsh Regiment is "Gwell angou na Chywrlydd"; which being interpreted means "Death before Dishonour."

J.M.M. (Croydon).—You are wrong. An Army Warrant Officer is addressed as "Sir" by all subordinates, but is not saluted by them. On the other hand, he "Sirs" and salutes all officers.

(MISS) E.B. (Chelsea).—A candidate for Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service must be a fully trained hospital nurse. It is a first-rate service, but we believe there are not many vacancies.

ALEC (Peterborough).—You can get a serviceable pike rod for a guinea, and a real good one for about a guinea and a half.

R.R. (Willesden).—Asks us to recommend a "man's poet." We should say Lindsay Gordon, the Australian, or Kipling.

C.P. (Great Harwood, Lancs).—Don't quite understand whether you mean an English grammar or examples of classic prose.

If the former, we don't know of any particularly good one, but if you want to study English prose should recommend a course of Carlyle, de Quincey, Thackeray, and R. L. Stevenson.

T.M. (Liverpool).—An unregistered dentist cannot legally recover his fees for "professional attendance," but he can sue for goods supplied.

F.L. (Catford).—Yes. Apply as mentioned to S.M. (Manchester) last week.

J. MITCHELL (Dundee).—Write to Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

READER (Streatham).—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Depends upon the condition. (4) Write and explain fully.

T. ELLIS (Hanley).—Coupons must be cut from current issue.

C.F.A. (Dartmouth).—Should like to have some idea of the date the article in question was published.

W.P. (Longsight).—Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, of 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., will be able to tell you.

SHE WENT HOME.

"And pray, who is Clarice?" was the question that startled Mr. Brown (who is addicted to that ill-conceived habit of talking in his sleep), as he woke the other morning and found his better half sitting up in bed with an interrogation point in her eyes.

"Clarice, Clarice, Clarice who?"

"That's just what *I* want to know, you've been repeating that name over and over again."

"Oh—ah—yes, yes, of course. It's Charlie Jones's new collie dog. She's a perfect beauty."

"Indeed!"

"Rather, she's just the sort of dog——"

"You ought to own? Certainly—you appear very fond of her. You asked, you will be pleased to hear, this 'collie dog' to 'put her arms around your neck and kiss you'; then you told Mr. Jones's dog that you 'Loved her with all your heart,' and 'that when you came to die if you could only "lay your head" on Jones's dog's bosom, you could breathe your life out sweetly there.' Then you asked Jones's dog to 'have another ice,' and if the watch you had given her kept good time. Under these circumstances, James Brown, I think, perhaps, you had better go to Jones's collie dog. I am going home."

A MOTHER'S VIEW.

"Who invented the typewriter, mother?"

"Some man who wanted to invent an excuse for having a pretty typist."

ACTOR AND CRIMINOLOGY.

Mr. H. B. Irving has been described as one of the greatest students of human nature on the stage.

He is an ardent student of criminology (he has been called to the Bar, by the way), and some time ago published a clever book entitled "Studies of French Criminals."

Not so very long ago a noted public analyst was greatly astonished by the intimate knowledge Mr. Irving showed of recent criminal cases, and in vain tried to find a case with which the actor was unfamiliar.

Mr. Irving has recounted a good story of his researches while writing his book on Judge Jeffreys. One day at Ipswich he visited the house where the notorious judge had stayed. It had been turned into a shop, and it was possible to buy theatre tickets there. "Can you tell me anything of Jeffreys' visit to Ipswich?" politely inquired the actor of the assistant behind the counter.

"I'm afraid I don't know him, sir," was the reply; and, looking at his plan, the assistant added, "he hasn't booked a seat this week, anyway."

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Since writing my last article, it has transpired that when beaten by Long Set at headquarters, The Story carried 7 lbs. more than necessary, so that instead of receiving weight as I reckoned, he was on the same mark as the winner.

I do not think, however, that this will make any difference on Wednesday, as the 8 lbs. in his favour does not anything like represent the distance by which he was beaten. Anyway, that is the view I take, and I cannot include him as the likely winner.

In addition to Long Set, Mr. Sol Joei has Polkerris and Maiden Erlegh to choose from, and whichever represents him is sure to be dangerous. Probably it will be the St. Leger second, who easily disposed of the other two when tried. There is no getting away from the fact that he is a really good colt.

Even in spite of the fact that when tried with Eton Boy recenty Mustapha came out of the ordeal satisfactorily, there has been no great rush to get on him, and signs are not wanting that the public are beginning to tire of these trials, however genuine they may be.

If there is one animal in the race that did not need a trial to gain the confidence of the public, that animal is surely Mustapha. He is such a thoroughly exposed horse, and genuine one to boot, that even had he been beaten, he would still have found support for this race. As it was, he won, but that he is better than Mr. Nickalls' colt at the weights I do not believe, that is, provided there is nothing wrong with the Hunt Cup winner.

Of Lance Chest and Jaeger, the former finds most favour, and this is not surprising, seeing that it is common knowledge that he was backed some time ago by the right people. As I remarked last week, his victory over Prince Palatine was no fluke, and that winning is good enough for anything.

Brancepeth, another Newmarket candidate, is favourably spoken of, and he is certainly a greatly improved horse, but I doubt if he will last home in this company.

The victory of Adam Bede in the Duke of York Stakes stamps him as being something approaching the good horse he was always claimed to be, and despite his penalty, which brings his weight up to 7st. 13 lbs., he must be taken into account.

Tips are in the air for some of those lower down in the handicap; notably Uncle Pat and Saucy Vixen.

I know of no reason why I should alter my view expressed last week, that either

MR. S. JOEL'S SELECTED or LANCE CHEST

will win, and for those readers who want to back a good outsider, I suggest that a little each way on Uncle Pat may show a profit.

NOTTINGHAM.—Monday.
Ruddington Handicap Steeplechase: Usury.
Welbeck Selling Hurdle Race: Catch Penny.
Newark Handicap Steeplechase: The Dwarf II.
NEWMARKET.—Tuesday.
Rutland Handicap: Hair Trigger II.
Trial Selling Plate: Warfare.
NEWMARKET.—Wednesday.
The New Nursery Plate: Cherokee Rose.
NEWMARKET.—Thursday.
Richmond Nursery Handicap: Light Brigade.
NEWMARKET.—Friday.
Queensberry Handicap: Duke of Padua.
Durham Stakes: Jaeger.
WORCESTER.—Thursday.
Worcester Autumn Handicap Plate: Florizel's Pride.
Witley Welter Handicap: Set Fair F.
Riverside Nursery Handicap: Razorbank
WORCESTER.—Friday.
Deerhurst Selling Nursery Handicap: Little Raven.
City Welter Handicap: Mountain Jewel.
Kempsey Handicap Plate: Jota.
ALEXANDRA PARK.—Saturday.

London Autumn Cup.—This race is likely to attract a big crowd to the Metropolitan meeting, and will be of more than passing interest. It is not likely that The Story will see the post, but Mr. J. B. Joel can still be represented, he having Sunspot engaged. This is quite a useful horse, but he appears to have as much weight as he is entitled to this journey, and another thing is that the nature of the course may not suit him. Lonawand could win this easily, but he is so unreliable that one dare not trust him. I do not think I can do better than advise you to have a bit on

WOLFE LAND

each way.

He has not been as well handicapped before this season.

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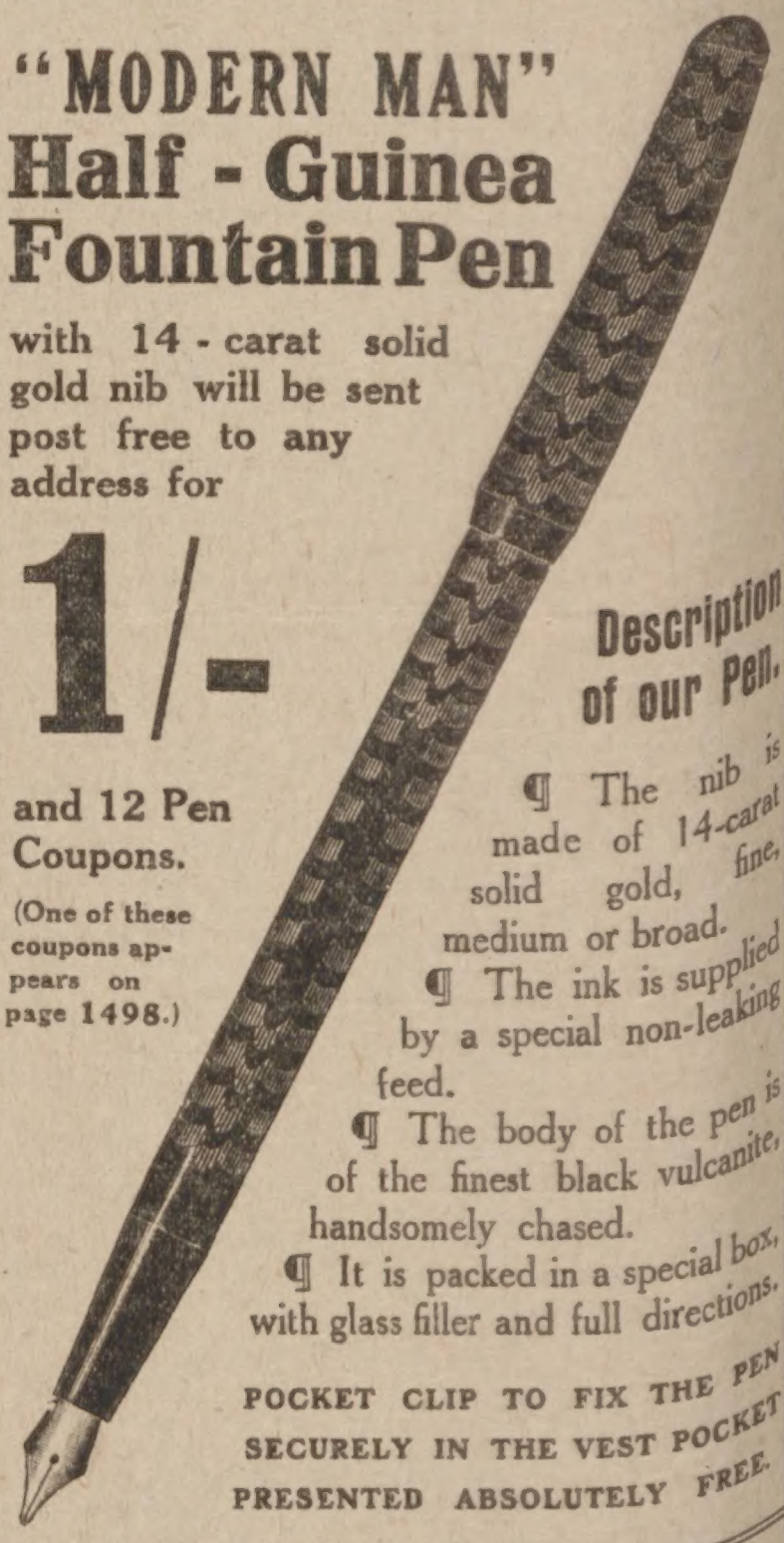

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

UNRULY HAIR.

F.C. (Longsight, Manchester) asks me to tell him how to make up a good pomade for the hair.

Personally, the subject does not interest me. I possess many illuminated addresses from the harmful, unnecessary fly, thanking me for the excellent rinking enjoyed on my head. Also I object on ethical (and hygienic) grounds to a man's plastering his head with pomatum.

However, I admit that the hair, like the tongue, is often an unruly member, and that with some men a hair dressing of some kind is really essential.

I am informed that a little castor oil scented with a few drops of otto of roses makes a cheap and effective hair-smoother. Another good one, so I am told, is a mixture of glycerine and lime-juice.

HIRSUTE FASHIONS.

I am perhaps more at home with styles of wearing the hair, and their suitability or otherwise to different ages and physiques.

Why is it, I wonder, that the bullet-headed man so often indulges in a prison crop, thereby accentuating the "cannon-ballishness" of his cranium.

With equal contrariness the man with a poor, small forehead will always wear his hair brushed back from it, thus needlessly exposing his lack of frontal development.

Many a man undoubtedly spoils an otherwise good appearance by wearing his hair the wrong way.

For example, crowds of men just now are wearing their hair American fashion, that is, brushed back over the crown of the head, but decidedly it is not a style becoming to everyone.

I may return to this subject, but speaking in general terms I may recommend men of the sanguine temperament, that is, blue or blue-grey eyed, fresh complexioned men to wear their hair parted on one side, while men of the lymphatic or saturnine constitution, i.e., dark-eyed, dark-haired, pale complexioned men should usually part their hair in the middle or wear it brushed back over the head.

Fat men should avoid parting the hair in the middle.

OBJECTION TO "RAGLAN" SHOULDERS.

In reply to "Auto" the objection to "Raglan" shoulders for a lounge coat is that unless a man is naturally very square shouldered, they are apt to make him look "bottle" shouldered. "Auto" favours me with his ideas for a lounge suit. They are rather attractive, but it is extraordinarily difficult to tell how a suit will look until made up. I am, however, very much obliged to "Auto" for his interesting letter and kind remarks.

THIS WINTER'S COLOUR.

There is practically no doubt that brown will be the fashionable colour this winter for overcoatings and lounge suits.

As previously pointed out in these columns, however, brown is by no means everybody's colour, and men with any tendency to sallowness should wear it with caution.

The man to whom brown is antipathetic will take refuge in blue grey and very small checks, for which there will be a considerable demand this winter season.

FLANNEL.

T.M.S. (Lancaster) says that one is constantly recommended to wear flannel next the skin and asks why it is supposed to be so beneficial. Flannel is a great safeguard against cold and chills, because it is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore prevents sudden changes of the body temperature when the weather or atmospheric temperature changes suddenly.

I am a very firm believer in Welsh or Jaeger flannel.

A VACANCY NOVELTY.

A large London firm has adopted an unusual method of filling a vacancy in its office. The Caxton Publishing Company finding it difficult to obtain the right man for a certain position, at a commencing salary of £200 per annum, decided to fill the position by a competitive examination on business knowledge, the Judges being Sir William Treloar, Sr Joseph Lyons, L.D., Sir George Riddell, Mr. T. J. Barratt, and Mr. John Lawrie.

These gentlemen have now completed their task, and the winner of the examination is announced as Mr. Rowland Humphrey Johnstone, of 7, Hamilton Place, Leeds..

Other prize-winners are:—Mr. Thomas Andrew Dennis, 11, Park Mansions, Vauxhall Park, S.W.; Mr. Thomas H. Schofield, 68, Bradford Terrace, Hanley; Mr. David Fenton, Castlegrove, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire; Mr. William James Oswald, 93, Heythorp Street, Southfields, S.W.; Mr. Albert Rooke, Avondale, London Road, Chippenham, Wilts; Mr. Thomas Chown, 25, High Street, Irthlingborough, Northants; Mr. J. Picton James, Newlands, Tanygroes Street, Port Talbot; Mr. John Jackson, 22, Tennis Street, Thursby Square, Burnley; Mr. Philip Alfred Wood, 5, Babbacombe Road, Bromley, Kent; Mr. Arthur Essex Clayton, Marquise Villa, Dorchester, Dorset; Mr. Wm. Henry Augustus Smith, 17, Clissold Road, Stoke Newington, N.

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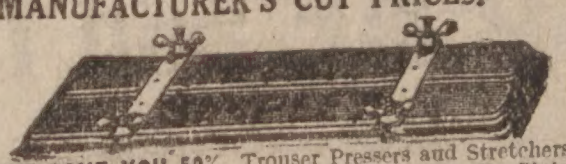

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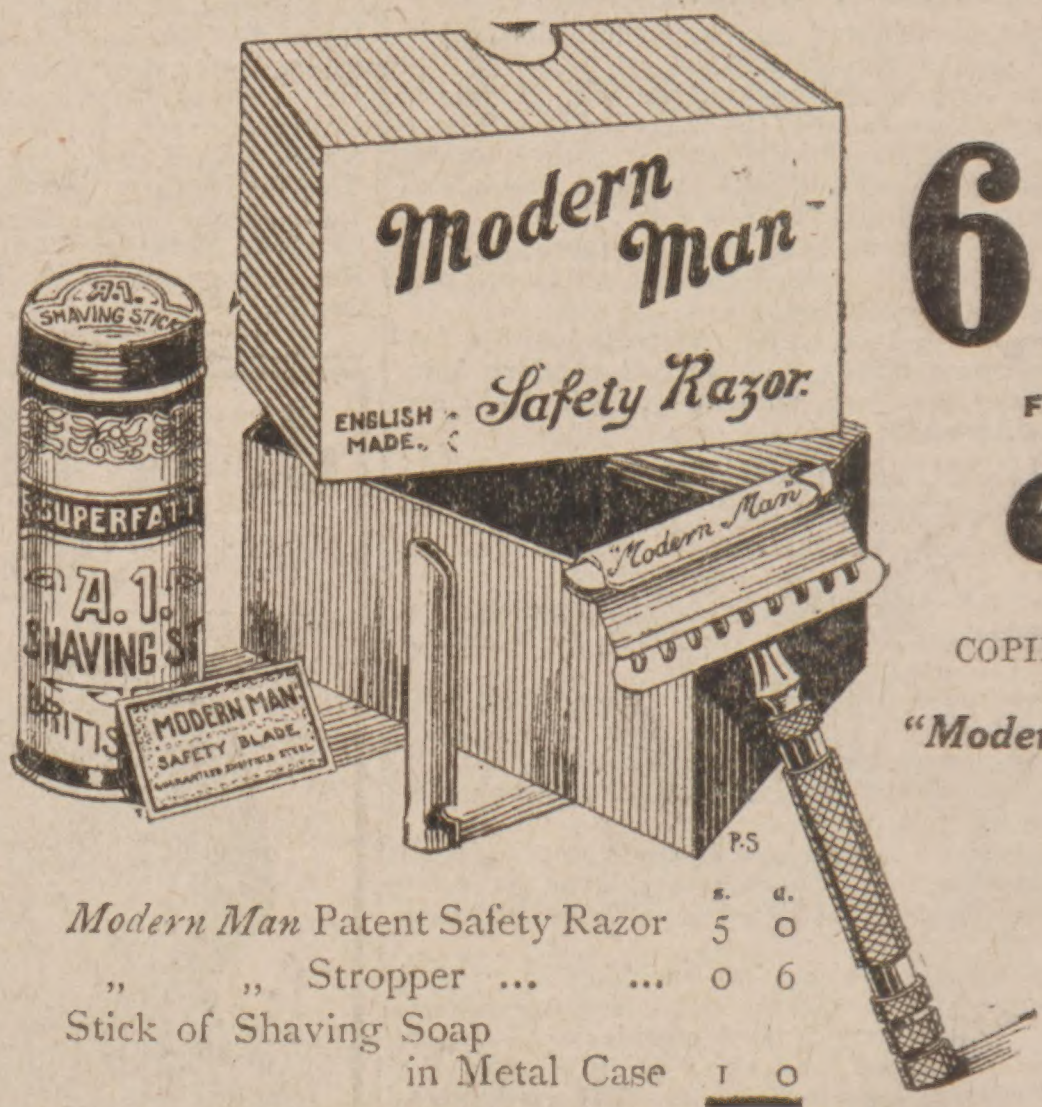

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